

INSIDE: The race to succeed Ontario Premier William Davis

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OCTOBER 22, 1984

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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Thatcher's Close Call

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bomb attack on the
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**Prime Minister
Margaret Thatcher
after the bombing**



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OCTOBER 31, 1984 VOL. 17 NO. 42



The changing of the guard
Ontario Premier William Davis's decision to step down after 12 years in office set off a struggle to succeed him as head of Canada's oldest political dynasty. —Page 14



A successful trip into space
The first Canadian astronaut returned to Earth aboard the space shuttle Challenger and a flight that marked the first spacecraft by an American woman. —Page 36

COVER

Thatcher's close call

A powerful IRA bomb last week shattered Brighton's premiere silence, killing four people, injuring dozens and narrowly missing British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. The attack added a new and threatening dimension to the Conservative government's political problems, but Thatcher vowed to maintain course and not submit to terrorism. —Page 32



A delicate balancing act
After three years in office, Greek Prime Minister Andreas Papandreu faces mounting dissent, both from critics at home and from allies abroad. —Page 42

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A lot of good news
Anne Murray was the only artist at this year's Country Music Association awards to capture two prizes—best album and best single for *A Little Good News*. —Page 66

On legalized killing

My blood boils at the thought that we are about to return to the Dark Ages ("Hanging" Cover, Oct. 8). Why should we bring back a debate on capital punishment just because some policemen were shot and killed? Why don't we also ask for the death penalty for the policeman who killed an innocent man in Rock Point? They are now as cruel but have not been fired, and they continue receiving full salary. How about capital punishment for incest and rape? If we are going to play God, we might as well go all the way. The death penalty is the most barbarous punishment that can exist. It is proven that it does not stop crime and it does not cure people who are mentally troubled. The solution is in our judicial and penitentiary system that we are all responsible for every prisoner behind bars instead of crying over spilled milk, we should start using some preventive medicine.

—WYLLIS SCHULZ,
Montreal

If society waits for a moment that any of us can be excused for injuring or destroying human life by what is man, individually or by collusion (except as self-defence), we are betraying our rights and responsibilities and those of all others. Whether a killing is by premeditation or impulse, it is intentional. Society is solemnly obliged to protect every one of its members from violence and the threat of violence—to punish all who defy it, setting through its legally chosen (not self-chosen) instruments.

—BARBARA A. WILDA,
Toronto



Execution should be an option when sentencing convicted murderers and should be used only when there is no possible doubt about who the murderer is, then only when the murder is premeditated. In cases where there is the slightest doubt, the sentence should be life imprisonment, which would allow for the release and subsequent review of the prisoner if an error is later found in law. In the case of Donald Marshall Jr. in cases in which execution is to be carried out, it should be quick and painless. The idea is to eliminate a threat to society, not to torture a murderer for his crimes, however heinous they may be. As for those murderers who are serving life sentences in prison, I think they would think twice about killing a guard in order to escape if they knew of the threat of execution. A second life sentence does not mean much when you have only one life to live. —W. H. HALLIDAY, Ajaxport, Ont.

Meeting fire with fire

The fact that the sinking of the General Belgrano ("Thunder's answering cannon," World, Oct. 1) is now causing a controversy in Britain is surprising to me. Why are people shocked that the Thatcher government decided to destroy a legitimate enemy naval target during a war? The attack was both the correct military and political move. Upon invading the Falklands, the Argentine junta gambled on the hope that Britain, like the other great powers, was held back from using force for fear of instigating a third world war. The sinking of the Belgrano told the junta that Britain could meet fire with fire. The world would be a safer place if other Western powers would follow Britain's example in dealing with such terrorist nations.

—MICHAEL A. WATTS,
Montauk, Ont.

AWARDED the Nobel Prize for Literature, is Czech poet Jaroslav Seifert, 64, by the Swedish Academy in Stockholm. The committee praised Seifert's work for providing "a liberating image of the indomitable spirit and versatility of man." Seifert is currently in hospital suffering from a heart ailment and diabetes. Born in Prague, he joined the Czechoslovak Communist Party in 1932, but left it eight years later, claiming that the party was "anti-modernist." The first Czech to receive the prize, Seifert published nationalistic poems during the Second World War and was president of the National Front's Union in the 1950s. When he attacked Communist cultural policy, the state-owned publishing houses stopped printing his poems. Written in Czech, his poems have also been published in German, French and English. Czech exile Zdenek Skrzewsky has published Seifert's poetry in Canada.

AWARDED the Pearson Peace Award, to George Ignatieff, 70, chancellor of the University of Toronto since 1980 and former Canadian disarmament ambassador during John Turner's brief term as Prime Minister, by a selected panel of jurists. The son of Paul Ignatieff, a Russian court, Ignatieff has had a distinguished diplomatic career spanning more than four decades. He served as Canadian ambassador to the United Nations and to the disarmament conference in Geneva. A Rhodes Scholar, he was vice-chancellor and provost of U of T's Trinity College from 1970 to 1979.

RETIRED James Nelson, 62, returns to news journalism after being reported as a Canadian politician who joined British United Press in 1946 in Toronto; from his position as national cultural affairs reporter for The Canadian Press, Canada's national news service. Nelson interrupted his four-decade journalism career in 1937 when he became Canada's first prime ministerial press secretary, becoming a member of Prime Minister John Diefenbaker's staff until 1968. He then joined C.P., where he distinguished himself with his expertise on government matters. Nelson plans to freelance for CP and old-time has been interest in model railroads.

DEED Frederick Bellison, 71, theatre and film producer who brought The Pigeons Home and Green Fingers to Broadway and to film; following a stroke, in the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center. Bellison, who was married to actress Rosalind Russell for 30 years before she died in 1976, also produced such famous Broadway productions as Coccy The Gambler and Fanny.

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Pope John Paul II: still many Catholics who accept the church's whole teaching

Amiel and feminism

Barbara Amiel's shrill opinions are no longer merely offensive—they are becoming dangerous ("How the feminists hurt women," *Column*, Dec. 1). It seems that to oppose environmental destruction, sexual discrimination or the exploitation of the native peoples is to upset the "stability and economy of our society" and thus to become "useful tools of the enemies of the free West." What a dangerous assumption of guilt by association. On top of that, her linking of feminism with Hitler and the Nazis is the most disgraceful insult I have ever come across to the millions of women (and men) who believe that women must have an equal voice in the running of this country. At the very least, Amiel owes a public apology to all.

—DR. MICHAEL HANCOCK,
Toronto

I agree with Barbara Amiel's argument that the militant segment of the feminist movement is often less than complementary to women. Referring, however, to the "Marxist fog," surely she is not suggesting that there is not a "capitalist fog" where the "little person" becomes lost and/or unsupported? While agreeing with her contention that the feminist, at times, has lost perspective, possibly strength in numbers brings forward issues that need to be addressed. Therefore, it is right that there are so many action groups in the Soviet Union?

—KIMBERLYA BOWEN,
Ottawa

Barbara Amiel, a pillar of logical consistency and thorough research, is worried about the use of not equators by feminists who challenge the federal government's treatment of women's issues. Amiel argues that it does not follow that budget allocation to rape crisis centres should be increased in light of rape statistics and federal spending on the Canadian military. This may be a fair argument but it is a reflection of what some journalists feel is an imbalance in government priorities to the detriment of Canadian women. What is ironic in the use of a respondent once regular by Amiel is suggesting that the amelioration of the plight of women in the workplace is equivalent to the Nazi prohibitions on Jewish representation in business, academia and the professional. Affirmative action is constitutionally protected by Section 15(1) of the Charter of Rights and Freedoms. My interpretation of this principle is that our society is prepared to take steps to redress the real inequalities of opportunity and remuneration for women that exist in Canada.

—CAMERON KILGOUR,
Toronto

Marxist-feminism is not sympathetic to the oppressive policies of the Soviet Union, as Barbara Amiel maintains. A Marxist-feminist who lives addresses inequalities among such things as the collapse of the family wage system, the feminization of poverty, the impact on the female labor force of technological change and the high divorce rate. The

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UP-TO-20

A golden Olympic legacy

Until this summer, taxpayers usually financed the huge expense of holding Olympic Games in their cities. But after Los Angeles lunched the bid for the 1984 Summer Olympic Games in late 1977, the city's debt was in the middle of a big revolt and mind of Mayor's crushing \$1-billion deficit after the 1976 Games, passed a charter amendment banning any use of public funds for Olympic facilities. Faced with that decision, a group of Southern California businessmen, who were instrumental in bringing the Games to Los Angeles, insisted that private sector money alone could fund the entire event. They recruited self-made millionaire Peter Ueberroth to prove their point. Installed as president of the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee (LAOOC) in April 1978, Ueberroth raised the \$300 million required to stage the Games, which made a profit of \$100 million. Now, organizers of the 1988 Winter Games in Calgary and the Summer Olympics in Seoul, South Korea, must live up to Ueberroth's challenge after the success of the last Games. Declared Ueberroth "After Los Angeles, any city in the world should be able to survive an Olympics."

Indeed, Los Angeles survived last summer's Games with style. At the core of that success was the \$225 million that Ueberroth persuaded the American Broadcasting Corp. (ABC) to pay for the right to act as host broadcaster for the Games. And networks from other countries provided a further \$70 million. Then, Ueberroth, head of one of the largest travel chains in the United States, raised more than \$120 million from 30 corporations such as Coca-Cola Co. and Levi Strauss & Co., each of which paid a minimum of \$4 million to be an official sponsor of the Games.

One potential impediment to the success of the 1984 Olympics proved in the end to be a dead-end blind alley. The Soviet Union's decision last May to boycott the Games—a decision backed by 34 other countries—eventually caused many

observers to expect smaller than predicted television audiences, low attendance figures and meager merchandise for local merchants. But, surprisingly, ticket sales surged as patriotic spectators bought up 97 per cent of all available seats, spending \$122 million, five times the amount recorded in Montreal and 440 million more than organizers predicted after the Soviet decision. As well, the 16-day event, which took its revenue of \$623 million, Ueberroth distributed the \$100-million surplus. Ben-

Ueberroth, a handsome profit of \$100 million



Ueberroth, a handsome profit of \$100 million

enches will include the U.S. Olympic Committee, which will receive 60 per cent of the money, and the new LAOOC Amateur Athletic Foundation in Southern California, which will receive 40 per cent. Declared Ueberroth "The surplus provides a lasting legacy for athletes in the United States of America."

But the legacy of Los Angeles may not extend to Calgary, where the Winter Games are due to start Feb. 13, 1988. William Wurtz, the senior vice-president for marketing of the xv Olympic Winter Games Organizing Committee (xvOOC) says that Calgary's objective is to cover its costs and to break even, not to make a profit. In 1979 the Calgary Olympic Development Association estimated that the Games could be staged for \$800 million. Cost estimates now



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stand at \$15 million, but Worldwide Leists that organizers do not expect massive cost overruns. The Alberta government is committed to providing about \$125 million, and the City of Calgary's total share of funding, under the current estimate, is about \$24 million.

For its part, the federal government agreed last March to contribute \$200 million to the Calgary Games, much of it to come from the \$1-billion federal sports pool which the new Conservative government phased out last month after the lottery had lost \$46 million in its 22 weeks of operation. Federal Finance and Amateur Sport Minister Otto Jelinek has affirmed that the Tory government "accepts unconditionally" its commitment to the Games but has refused to elaborate.

Calgary organizers are counting on the sale of TV rights to defray a large part of the Games' costs. Last year they agreed to pay \$108 million (U.S.) for the U.S. television rights—\$250 million to Calgary and \$100 million to the International Olympic Committee (IOC)—the largest television broadcast contract ever negotiated for a single event. The independent city network will pay \$5.5 million for host broadcasting rights. Calgary organizers expect the world TV rights to generate an additional \$50 million. For its part, the South Korean government spent \$80 million on streamlining its sports facilities in Seoul even before the IOC accepted its bid in 1981 for the Summer Games.

After the 1986 Moscow Summer Games, which the United States, Canada and more than 30 other nations boycotted to protest the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, a clause arose for a permanent Games site. Apart from the political reason, many criticized the sharply escalating costs of mounting the extravaganzas back and forth across the face of the globe. The success of the Los Angeles Games and the optimistic 6-second outlook for Calgary and Seoul—hinging on South Korea's success in negotiating a \$750-million deal with major U.S. companies for television rights—have silenced those demands. Richard Pound, the Montreal-based chairman of the IOC joint committee for negotiating television rights, says that the Soviets are unlikely to boycott Seoul. That means that the world's three biggest sporting nations, the Soviet Union, the United States and China, will be competing against each other for the first time. Still, while awards may be handing on the competitive front, the financial contenders of the 1988 events would do well to bend the course of Montreal, whose taxpayers will be paying off a \$1-billion deficit into the 21st century—long after Calgary and Seoul have faded into the record books.

—ANN PETERSON



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FOLLOW-UP

A despot after the fall

Five years after the French government deposed Central African Republic ruler Jean-Bédel Bokassa in a bloodless coup, the former despot and alleged cannibal now lives the life of a country gentleman outside Paris. Bokassa, 63, rarely strays from the grounds of Hardcourt Castle, a sprawling 19th-century mansion near Meuseaux, a small town 50 km west of Paris. When he does leave the mansion, French detectives keep his heavily guarded black limousine under surveillance. In a recent, rare telephone call to a reporter for the left-wing daily *L'Express* in Paris, Bokassa complained that the French were holding him "prisoner." But French authorities deny this charge. Indeed, according to the French foreign office, France is only tolerating Bokassa's presence because no other country will accept him, and authorities in his native country have said that they would order his shot on sight if he returned there.

Bokassa's exile began on the night of Sept. 30, 1979, while he was in Tripoli visiting Libyan strongman Col. Muammar Khadafi. In an operation code-named "Barracuda," French paratroopers and secret service men from Chad and Gabon swooped down on the capital, Bangui, and, in Bokassa's place as president of the former French colony, installed his cousin, David Dacko. The current leader, Gen. André Kolingba, overthrew Dacko two years later in a bloodless putsch.

The French detained Bokassa, who referred to himself as "Fapa Bok," after the ancient Roman dictator of Harn, Frangon (Papa Doc) Duvalier, because he had become a liability to then-French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. The French charged in after nine weeks, followed the slaughter by Bokassa's prison guards of an estimated 100 schoolchildren in Bangui's central Ngaraga jail in April, 1979. The children, aged 8 to 36, were in prison because they had protested an order by Bokassa that they wear school uniforms. According to a report by Amnesty International on May 14, 1979, some of them had three stiches at government cars. The children claimed that their parents could not afford the uniforms, which cost \$34 each in a country in which the average per capita earnings were \$171, and which one of Bokassa's wives made in her downtown Bangui shop.

But even more instrumental in his downfall was the megalomania that drove Bokassa, a former hard-drinking

soldier who served in the French army for 23 years and who seized power in a military coup in 1966. He appointed himself president for life in 1972 and in 1977 proclaimed himself emperor in a grand, \$36-million coronation ceremony at Bangui which the French helped to finance. In 1978 Bokassa further embarrassed France when he announced that he had given diamonds—which he later claimed were worth \$5 million—and other gifts, including elegant furs, to Giscard, starting up a scandal in France which abated only when Giscard said the gems for a reported \$5,000 and donated the proceeds to charities in the Central African Republic. After Bokassa's ouster the French sent him, his family and servants into exile in another former French African colony, the Ivory Coast, as "guests" of the elderly President Félix Houphouët-Boigny. But last November, after Bokassa made an aborted attempt to return to Bangui with the help of 13 armed mercenaries, the French sent him to Hardcourt.

The short, bearded Bokassa now shares Hardcourt with 35 of his children (he reportedly has more than 30 from nine marriages and numerous liaisons). But his routine has strict authoritarianism, and the wife whom he married as his first, beautiful former actress Catherine, 33, has deserted him, fleeing to Switzerland, where, he claims, she



BOKASSA: a \$20-million coronation

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had "several" wives.

Bokassa's legal status remains uncertain. He once held dual French-Central African nationality, but Bangui withdrew his citizenship after his ouster and condemned him to death in absentia. Then, in 1982, a Paris court stripped him of his French nationality. Last August Bokassa tried to resolve his citizenship problems by attempting to obtain false papers. A local butcher, Jean-Thérèse Petras, appeared at the town hall in Mbangari with an application form for a French card and passport in the name of Abel Kader Bokassou Abou. But a woman clerk recognized Bokassa's picture on the form and alerted the police. Petras confessed to the authorities that he had stolen out of love for one of Papa Bok's illegitimate daughters.

What the former ruler wanted to do with the passport remains unclear. Bokassa told the authoritative Paris-based weekly magazine *Prezence Africaine* that he desired simply to return to the Central African Republic. The magazine quoted him as saying, "I am 60, and I want to do among my people." But French authorities say that he might have wanted the documents to travel to Switzerland in pursuit of a private vendetta against the man who toppled him, General O'Rourke. Bokassa claims to have a safety deposit box at his bank in Geneva containing documents that



The family near one of his 30 children from nine marriages and countless liaisons.

could irredeemably compromise the former French president just as he is attempting a golden comeback. After his aborted attempt to obtain false papers, Bokassa said that he no longer wanted French citizenship. But according to an interior ministry aide in

Paris, Bokassa has recently taken steps to regain his lost French nationality. Declared the aide: "Until the decision is made—and it may take as much as two years—Bokassa will be allowed to stay in France, under certain conditions." Those conditions include the restriction that Bokassa refrain from all political and publicly-speaking activity. And, apart from the bizarre attempt to secure papers, the former emperor has so far located his part of the agreement, living as a recluse.

For all Bokassa's wealth, which he allegedly plundered from the republic's coffers during his 14-year rule and placed in various Swiss bank accounts, Hardcourt is a humble home compared to his splendid former imperial Berengo palace, near Bangui. His drinking habits have changed, too. Once prone to alcoholic rages, he now takes wine only with his meals. That, too, is a sharp contrast to his former image as a man who revelled in excess. The French government even accused him of cannibalism. When the paratroopers broke into Berengo palace after the 1979 coup, they claimed to have discovered two partly consumed bodies in a huge refrigerator in the basement. But some political observers in France contend that Giscard's agents planted the bodies as a final justification of their intervention.

With cannibalism charges still hanging over him and his notoriety in danger, Bokassa will likely never again be a figure of power and terror on the African continent. For now, his empire consists only of his personal household and his Hardcourt home in France.

—PETER LEVINE in Brussels

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The stolen U.S. secrets

The incident revived the hopes, fears and prayers of Americans for more than a year. On Nov. 4, 1979, Iranian Islamic militants took over the U.S. Embassy in Tehran. They confined more than 60 Americans to the embassy compound and issued demands of diplomatically sensitive documents. For the American public, the national trauma ceased by the mission seizure ended on Jan. 20, 1981, when the Iranians released the hostages. 444 days after the drama began. But for the Iranians the saga is continuing, at least on paper. Since 1982 the Iranian government has published at least 20 paperback volumes of secret U.S. documents found in the embassy, and U.S. state department officials say that the publication of the thousands of pages of secret papers that remains in circulation has not stopped for years. The paperbacks provide a panorama of U.S. covert activity in Iran and reveal the reluctance of President Jimmy Carter's administration to face the erosion of power of the country's monarch, Shah Mohammad Reza Pahlavi.

For the United States, the publication

of the partitioned documents constitutes "an intelligence disaster of the first order," according to Gary Sick, a former staff member of the National Security Council under Carter's administration. Sick, 43, who now teaches Middle Eastern politics at Columbia University in New York City, says that the loss of confidential papers is "certainly the most damaging since the fall of the U.S. Embassy in Saigon nine years ago."

As fascinating as spy novels, the paperbacks provide a rare glimpse into the world of diplomats and undercover agents who often worked with stunning ineptness. Some volumes offer hard evidence of U.S. reluctance to accept that the ailing shah was losing his grip on the reins of Persian political power and that his fall was inevitable. As well, the paperbacks show how the United States failed to take steps to

establish a relationship with Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, the shah's successor, who assumed power on Feb. 11, 1979, after overthrowing the government of Shapour Bakhtiar. According to Sick, whose book about the United States' encounter with the 1979-79 Iranian revolution, *All Shet Down*, is scheduled for publication next spring, the papers contain "no smoking gun"—no evidence that the United States manipulated the shah or dictated Iranian policy. On the contrary, Sick says that some papers reveal "the self-wagging the dog"—they show that the shah repeatedly asserted U.S. objections on such matters as arms sales and oil pricing.

Secret documents contain fascinating accounts of secret meetings between Central Intelligence Agency officials and their field agents, information which exposed many Iranians to the realities of the new regime. One account deals with an attempt to obtain information on Khomeini. The CIA instructed an operative, code-named T-1, a former member of Bakhtiar, the Iranian secret police, to seek a job in the Iranian foreign ministry just after Khomeini's re-

turn from his 15-year exile in France in February, 1979. To obtain the details of his assignment, T-1 was instructed to meet with a CIA officer on a busy street corner and "wait at site for maximum of 15 minutes... attempt to have in left hand small shopping bag, in right hand, a newspaper."

T-1 was also told to wear a black button-down sweater, blue jeans and horn-rimmed glasses with clear lenses. His assignment: to prepare a full dossier on Khomeini's health, his headquarters and his aides. T-1 was to deliver the information he obtained in note form to the CIA station officer through T-1's daughter. The documents reveal the real name, address and phone number of the daughter, as well as the identities of T-1 and of other CIA agents. The fate of T-1 and of the other agents remains unknown.

The embassy papers also detail the routine dealings between embassy staff and a wide range of Iranians with whom the Americans did business over a 30-year period, many of whom the books identify by name and address. For many of these people, mainly politicians and businessmen, the papers' seizure has represented hardship. The militant Muslims who now rule Iran say that the United States is the "Great Satan" and that all those who worked with the Americans were tools of the CIA. Al-

though information remains elusive, according to Sick, after the papers re-established links between the innocent Iranians and the embassy, Khomeini's regime sent many of them to the Evin prison in Tehran, where a number still languish.

The papers offer a rich collection of diplomatic misadventures. In mid-1979, a source close to the shah had warned the embassy that if a crisis arose, the United States should urge the shah to "prepare Iran for change, not just depart abruptly." That source never sent the White House, having been lost in a low-priority message in the morass of papers at the state department. Documents written in late 1979 reveal the embassy's continuing tilt toward those Iranian sources who said the shah would survive. One of the documents attributed the shah's problems to his "bad image" and recommended the establishment of a think tank to change it. Another memo suggested that his "image could be improved if sacralistic myths" successfully gave the impression that the shah was responding to widespread opposition charges of rampant corruption.

The published documents reveal that U.S. officials in Tehran ignored persistent rumors in August, 1979, that the shah was seriously ill with cancer, and that they continued to send the state



Sick: diplomatic errors



U.S. Embassy compound: kept spying

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department's optimistic reports of his ability to hold on to power. On Jan. 16, 1979, the shah fled Iran, flying first to Egypt and then to Morocco, where Carter administration officials denied him permission to take refuge in the United States. But for the next seven months he pleaded with Carter's officials to allow him to come to the United States for medical treatment. The embassy was deeply opposed to the granting of that permission and it predicted, correctly, that if the shah were to enter the United States his arrival there would provoke a violent anti-U.S. reaction in Tehran. But the Carter administration ignored the mission's warnings and the shah arrived in New York on Oct. 22, 1979. Two weeks later the militants took over the embassy. The secret documents reveal that the White House had concluded that the powerful Iranian army would take control of the country once the shah was gone, by coup if necessary, even though the embassy had warned administration officials days before the return of Khomeini that the military was likely to support the Ayatollah.

The state department's view was that the Iranians' literary coup should never have happened. Shortly before the militants made their unsuccessful first attempt to seize the embassy in February, 1979, Ambassador William H. Sullivan had ordered his embassy staff to send back to the United States all sensitive documents. But a few months later, when the state department decided that the potential situation in Iran was alarming, it gradually regained most of the files to the embassy without informing the White House. Then, in November, when the militants' second and successful attack on the overpowered legs, embassy staff should have destroyed the vast storehouse of documents as a matter of standard operating procedure before the Iranians penetrated the embassy's inner sanctum. Staffers had time to partially shred only some of the documents, but the Iranians simply gusted the pieces together.

In the past two years alone, the Iranians have published a series of 26 paperback Persian under the single title of *The Spy King Documents*. U.S. officials expect the militant anthropologists to continue the publishing offensive for several years because thousands of pages of secret cablegrams, diplomatic documents and personal papers remain unpublished. Much to the relief of U.S. state department officials, the revelations so far have not caused an upsurge in home front angry Americanism. But as the Iranians painstakingly pursue their task, the possibility remains that they could eventually piece together even more damaging revelations from the United States' stolen secrets.

—DAVID BROWNE in New York

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The scars of a massacre

Three months after 41-year-old James Haberty strided into a McDonald's restaurant in San Ysidro, Calif., shot 31 people to death and wounded 34 others, the impoverished Mexican-Americans anxiously reassured. Haberty's spine-chilling act has left the injured survivors scarred psychologically as well as physically.

They, as well as others who were in the restaurant but who escaped his bullets, have been undergoing psychotherapy for depression and recurring nightmares.

At the same time, some of the families who lost wage earners in the massacre are struggling to get compensation from a disgruntled victim's assistance fund.

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As well, more than 20 survivors have launched lawsuits against the hamburger franchise for failing to provide adequate security. Last month ballistics raised the skill of the 11-shot restaurant, but the murders remain. Said Henry Eick, a psychiatric social worker who is treating a number of the survivors: “They all saw the bodies of the children outside the restaurant. They will never forget that.”

Haberty's rampage was the worst killing spree by one man in a single day in U.S. history. The recently fired security guard left the two-bedroom apartment that he shared with his family at 4 p.m. that afternoon, saying that he was “going hunting — hunting for humans.” Tragically, he found them in the bustling restaurant located just 150 metres away from his apartment complex. In fewer than 15 minutes he turned it into a grim arena of carnage, firing sporadic bursts from an arsenal of weapons, including a shotgun, an 18-calibre machine gun and a pistol.

After the massacre Juan Kiro, the widow of McDonald's founder Ray Kroc, donated \$200,000 to set up a victims' compensation fund, and the company immediately added \$1 million. So far a team of San Ysidro volunteers administering the money has distributed about \$250,000, mostly to cover victims' medical and funeral expenses. But survivors whose injuries prevent them from returning to work say that obtaining wage compensation from the fund has proven extremely difficult. One survivor, Juan Tokiano, 33, a truckdriver who suffered bullet and shrapnel wounds in his legs, made five unsuccessful trips to the fund office seeking support for his family.

The survivors who filed suits against McDonald's claim that the corporation failed to provide security for the restaurant, even though the outlet had been the scene of a number of violent incidents involving youths gangs. Said James Pruitt, a lawyer for five of the claimants: “McDonald's was notified by employees and security company personnel about crime incidents and it refused to provide armed security based on costs.” But Charles Robner, a spokesman in charge for McDonald's, said that his company was “incidental to this horror act.”

McDonald's plans to open a new outlet in a different San Ysidro site early next year. And, in a move that her neighbors consider foolhardy, Haberty's widow, Rita, announced last month that she plans to sell her story to whatever newspaper was prepared to pay her the most money. Such an account would doubtless act as a painful reminder for a town that would prefer to forget.

—ANN WATMOLEY, with Robert Rios
Killer in San Diego

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THE TAYLOR-MADE SENATOR

The Taylor-made senator

Republican John Warner of Virginia was rumored to have seduced Elizabeth Taylor when he first ran for the U.S. Senate six years ago. Her presence on the campaign trail was a major factor contributing to Warner's success at the polls. But in November, 1992, the rocky marriage—Warner's second and Taylor's seventh—ended in divorce. Now, many Americans wonder whether Warner ran, on his own, with the current race for the Senate seat against the Democratic candidate, Edythe Harrison, a two-term representative in Virginia's legislature, in the Nov. 3 election. The media refer to the intriguing factor of the "missing woman," while Warner's campaign expenditures are steadily rising, even by the standards of this year's exceptionally big-budget campaigns. Said Lawrence Sabata, a political scientist at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville: "Elizabeth Taylor was the sex for him in 1976. He needed her as a means of getting people to recognize him." But, he added, "Some of Liz's star quality has rubbed off on him, and that can only help him in the race."

As a politician, Warner proved contentious and dedicated, but dull. He regularly worked 16-hour days at the Senate. Taylor reportedly once began to feel neglected, and on several occasions, reporters covering political events heard her weeping at the senator in a hotel room. Since the divorce, the handsome, grey-haired Warner, 57, has dated a number of select women, including wealthy socialites Rose Marie Bogley, a beautiful, blond, middle-aged widow who dominates the Virginia fox-hunting scene. Two years ago the high-society *Times & Country* magazine declared that Bogley was the most eligible woman in the United States. But she is not interested in campaigning.

Both of Warner's spouses were wealthy. He was a trial lawyer at the justice department in Washington in 1957, after working his way through law school as a used-car salesman, when he married Catherine Mellon, the daughter of millionaire Paul Mellon and the granddaughter of financier industrialist and former U.S. treasury secretary Andrew Mellon. After his 1973 divorce from Mellon, Warner received \$9 million and two houses as part of the settlement. Said Kirby Kralley, author of the best-selling biography *Elizabeth Taylor: The Last Star*: "He got his money from Mellon and his fame from Taylor." The money for his current campaign,

however—\$1.2 million so far—consists of sizable contributions from defense- and business-related political action committees as well as smaller sums from more than 15,000 individuals. Still, even with Taylor's help in 1976, Warner won his Senate seat over former state attorney general Andrew Miller by

only 4,721 votes out of the more than 1.8 million cast. But now, according to both Republicans and Democrats, Warner holds a substantial lead over Harrison, whose *Democrat* named after they failed to find a better-known candidate. Political analyst Sabata says that Warner has spent enough money and energy to ensure that he will retain his Senate seat.

At the very least, the realities of the Taylor charlatan that still cling to Warner are likely to guarantee him a safe margin.

—WILLIAM LORTIMER in Washington



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THE PEOPLE PEOPLE LISTEN TO.

COLUMN

The Yuppie generation

By Fred Bruning

U.S. auto-makers say they have been designing vehicles more to the liking of Yuppies—young urban professionals—and are can only imagine what such cars will look like. We may be heading in America for a time when beboppe are square-shaped and wooden chairs replace wooden seats. Wednesday homework will be spelled with Feeney and adrian flows covered with plush fannel by L.L. Bean. As for shape, the Yuppies will be sleek as a way, not boxy too—as though a Bech had swallowed a pen. We are talking here of all possible worlds here. Yuppies covet nothing less.

Detroit was only the latest to acknowledge the Yups' aversion buying power. Manufacturers of just about everything else are keenly aware of how freely these people spend and how insatiable the appetite seems for comfort, fullness, security, ad waxes, exposed brick walls, warm croissants and perfect sunsets.

Stone windows in certain neighborhoods of New York City are monuments to treadmills. Running shoes, Tiffany lamps, goose-down robes, portable, on-wheels attach cases, Levis blinks, Blaupunkt car cranes, digital odds receivers, original pottery (included glass), East Indian throw rugs, posters promoting the Riga peninsula—the whole shooting match. Such is the state of things that one cannot grab one in all of Yuppies a chocolate-chip cookie less than a foot in diameter or popcorn that has not been treated fuselike and sold by the cubic foot. A landfill has become its own ethic.

So, you say, let them spend. Let them fill their apartment with each a profusion of spider plants that heralds new-born forest rangers. Let their butcher-block counters begin to sag under the weight of so much home-made squash lasagna. They want Eric, Chardonnay and Baguette? Let them have it all—and the discomfort of the ensuing indigestion, besides.

The serious side of the matter is that Yuppies are being courted not only by the makers of espresso machines and upscale roller skates but by politicians too. During the New Hampshire primary, Democratic presidential candidate Gary Hart emerged as the Yups' favorite, and no wonder. Although on the slippery side of 46, Hart retained a youthful presence. He was all glad shirts and hiking boots, and there was something irresistible in his bearing

that said, "Hi! I'm a yuppie, too."

In a way, Hart was an aberration because Yuppies seldom are not particularly enthusiastic about the Democratic party. Sure, all these charming Yups-types in the movie, *The Big Chill*, were former University of Michigan activists, but look what became of them. One was a TV glamor boy starring in a shoot-'em-up adventure series. The host was a guy who had made a bundle buying fancy smokers. Also featured were a burned-out social worker and a winoish reporter from *People* magazine ready to do anything in pursuit of fame and fortune. By the final fade we have the unmistakable impression that these folk are on the road to total self-corruption. Prosperity has supplanted commitment. Walter Mondale, watch out!

Statisticians indicate that Yuppies are ambivalent about their politics. They are leftish on such issues as civil rights and

'Free-spending people with an insatiable appetite for comfort, warm croissants and perfect sunsets'

abortion and Ronald Reaganish on matters of the economy. Thus, of course, is a familiar gadget—a means by which one manages to maintain self-respect while growing rich or, at least, exotically comfortable. Even if such an approach were tenable, even if it were possible, say, to not taxes and still address the difficulties of those who cannot afford memberships at the health club, the problem of perspective would remain. Individuals who spend Sundays searching for the perfect Mimosa or too many evenings in cooking class may find it tough to focus on the woes of Namibia—or of Newark, for that matter.

Now self-indulgence is great, and, a person would be mistaken to lobby against the urge for good times and well-being. Nor is it appropriate to suggest that degeneracy necessarily proceeds from an occasional trip to the gourmet deli or from the mere purchase of imported ascot tie. Hard work—Yuppies are renowned for their industriousness—should have its rewards.

There seems in this lifestyle, however, an acute sense of entitlement, a belief that the good of the earth shall inherit,

such, a rent-controlled apartment and a trip to Greece during week-endings. The theory may be lost entirely to a tenant farmer in London but apparently makes perfect sense to high achievers living in townhouses. The easily dissipated under such circumstances is the force that applies the brakes when private throats are run awry with self. Hardly is what we need here, friends, not another automobile from Detroit.

Is it any wonder that Yuppies are suspected of being closet Reagan or Thatcher? Instead of a chicken in every pot, Reagan promises only that the chicken crowd will enjoy larger portions of soup on ice. Apparently, the chief executive has laid upon a sound campaign strategy. One Yuppie was quoted recently as saying the Democrats have failed to engage the imagination of the prosperous young and must face the consequences.

So what extent his remark is representative, who knows? Certainly, there are among the Yups some whose way of life actually may be an affirmation of all the reformist energy reaped up 25 years ago. In these glitzy days of yore, long before they dreamed of extravagant porcelains and parquet floors, many of these wild kids were demanding that America do better—that it quit Vietnam, address civil rights, redefine the environment.

Perhaps it can be said that the Yups were once a part of a new phase of a social movement that aimed so hopelessly far beyond. Perhaps they are telling us that, in a consumer society, the highest form of responsibility is to spend with care. It is true they often show themselves when they exhibit in such manner that emphasizes good citizenship. No serious-minded Yup would care a hoot that gobbled too many arugs (wood-burning stoves from Sweden are much preferred) and they would sooner crack pacemakers than wrap themselves in solid-state coats. Many of these posh chick-pen parties to urbane steak and the sight of a wasted paper towel has been known to make a Yup weep for every tree in the forest. As an explorer class, these people are too soft. As political creatures, they are naive. Yuppies must come to understand that just because they spend money in the style of Republicans, there is no obligation to vote accordingly.

Fred Bruning is a writer with *Newsday* in New York.



Davis and wife, Kathleen: an emotional decision to abdicate and a plea to preserve a dynasty's formula for power

CANADA

The changing of the guard

By Robert Miller

It was to be Orwell's year, but 1984 in Canada has been the Year of the Conservative Politician. At the federal level Canadians witnessed the final departure of Pierre Trudeau, the spectacular rise of John Turner and the triumphant arrival of Brian Mulroney. Last week Premier William Davis—godfather of Progressive Conservatives in Ontario and much of the rest of Canada—moved briefly into the spotlight and left the stage to a three-month political struggle to decide who will run Canada's 11th prime minister.

The outcome of the struggle in Ontario is a matter of national import, as much as the rest of the country might disdain the notion. Despite the threatening growth of the West, an assertive Quebec and the new ambitions of Atlantic Canada, Ontario remains its role as political pivot and economic engine of the country—the most populous, most industrialized and most powerful part

of the Canadian Confederation. And while its Tory premiers have been among the blizzard in the country, Ontario's leader has been—as if by historical instinct and with nothing as crude as an open claim—a kind of *de facto* first among 10 equals provincially and, when it comes to issues of national unity, an indispensable broker for compromise.

Pae Davis, the latest in the line of low-key Ontario Tory leaders, his unusually emotional announcement on Thanksgiving Day that he intends to retire after 13 years in power brought a wave of tribulation and good wishes from friends and political enemies (page 17). It also marked the start of the race to succeed him as boss of a province that the Conservatives have ruled for 41 uninterrupted years. Two nights later, at a fund-raising dinner originally planned to help launch a widely expected federal election campaign, Davis strongly urged his party to maintain power by avoiding "the ideological prisons of the left or right"—a formula that Prime Minister

Mulroney adopted with stunning success in the federal campaign. It's a message, Davis declared, should follow the Tory tradition of "decency, compassion, civility, tolerance and sensitivity."

The list of would-be successors was lengthy (page 18). At stake, apart from the 1984/85-year personship, is the legacy of influencing national affairs, including control of Canada's most successful political organizations—the various Big Five Machines. There is, as well, a vast personal network that the government used to reward party followers in thousands of jobs across the province, and Davis's own political legacy. That includes—on the plus side—a record of generally popular, moderately progressive legislation and an efficient bureaucracy.

On the debit side is a list of lingering problems. Among them: increasing public unhappiness with the huge, costly and seemingly ineffectual school system that Davis largely built as education minister during the 1960s, a \$18-

million debt owed by Ontario Hydro, a major part of which was spent in the 1970s developing problem-plagued nuclear power stations, and a seasonal and still-untreated affair involving three trust companies that the Davis government seized in January, 1982, after contentious real estate deals involving some 11,000 Toronto apartment units. Also awaiting his successor is the debate task of carrying out Davis's recent decision to extend full public financing to Ontario's separate (Roman Catholic) school system, a 180-degree reversal of the policy Davis devised when he first assumed power in 1971.

Davis's retirement announcement ended 18 days of intense speculation within the party and in the media about his intentions. That followed weeks of personal agonizing and lengthy discussions with his wife, Kathleen, as well as his closest political friends—including Toronto advertising executive Norman Adams, who organized Mulroney's federal campaign, former aide H. Hugh Selinger and Attorney General Roy McMurtry, all of whom urged Davis to step in after Davis, 55, was born between his own with to step down after 25 years in the legislature and his party's hope that he would lead them into another election and win another majority—before retiring. But during their string of election victories the Tories have held power by faithfully following two maxims: The first divide and rule, which means keeping the antagonistic vote split between the opposition Liberals and New Democrats. The second always name the leader who election, by some, rather than an election too late.

From the time of the Tories' 1945 electoral victory under George Drew, a second-best-but-winning spell by Thomas L. Kennedy (1948-1961) and through the reigns of Premiers Leslie Frost (1961-1969) and John Robarts (1969-1971) into the Davis era, the Ontario Conservative party has maintained its grip also by a kind of school governance that selected both the rural herds of the province's Liberal and Progressive (and fast-growing) critics. Blessed with a solid agricultural and industrial base and the nation's largest and most highly skilled work force, the Tories have worked conscientiously to keep the province's industries in good health, while moving steadily into social services such as medicine in 1960. And while stopping short of declaring Ontario officially bilingual, the Tories under Davis have gradually extended services to the province's 475,000 francophones.

Typically, after strictly enforcing protective laws on the use of money for 25 years, Queen's Park through the 1960s and 1970s gradually loosened up—to the point where the province's legendary "blue laws" are only a memory today.

On the national level, Ontario's Tories have made a significant, if understated, contribution to the cause of Canadian unity. In part, that thrust has grown out of an ingrained assumption that citizens of other provinces tend to find objectionable the bedrock Tory belief that Ontario is, with Quebec, the fulcrum of Confederation and therefore has a historic obligation to hold the country together, especially when Quebec is weaker.



Premier Larry Groves: a long reach

was realized. Acting in that spirit, Robarts in 1967 staged the historic "Confederation of Tomorrow" conference in Toronto at which Canada's premiers jointly considered the growing nationalist strains evident in Quebec's Quiet Revolution and launched discussions that produced a new national sentiment 15 years later—after Davis's dramatic 1981 support of Ottawa's constitutional patriation plan helped break

a provincial logjam. Similarly, after the 1990 PLO crisis in Quebec, Robarts made a point of holding friendly meetings with Premier Robert Bourassa at a time when the rest of Canada was beginning to despair of Bourassa's government—and his province. It is a gesture toward Western Canada, Davis's government joined with Ottawa in 1975 to help ease Alberta's droughted oil sands project from collapsing after the U.S.-sponsored Atlantic Refinery Co. pulled out its investors.

Under Davis the Ontario Tory political machine has also extended its reach to other provinces in recent years. Members of the informal team of expert electioneers who have offered advice and skills to other Conservative parties in Newfoundland, New Brunswick and Saskatchewan. One former Ontario party worker, Patrick Kennedy, now runs Social Credit Premier Bill Bennett's office in British Columbia. And, most recently, Davis loyalists, including Atkinson, helped the federal Tories achieve their majority Sept. 4 majority.

But when Davis pondered whether to run for the federal Tory leadership in 1983, the machine was unable to guarantee a victory. It could not transcend Ontario's potent capacity to influence national politics into overt personal power federally. Not only was Davis opposed by western Tories but he was unable to develop significant Quebec support—at least partly because he remains unaffiliated after repeated attempts to acquire French political opponents were in vain. The second, however, was Ontario Toryism. Former Ontario Liberal leader Robert Nixon, for one, criticized Davis's administration as selfish and self-serving, without a guiding philosophy beyond pragmatism. Said Nixon: "He has been very careful not to take too much public interest in his affairs, so he has been able to stay in power. The best position to him is no position." Charles Westcott, a Davis special assistant for more than 20 years who announced his own retirement last month, offered a more substantial interpretation of the Ontario Tory spirit: "We have to ask yourself if a political philosophy is so absolutely relevant these days. Policies and platforms change. If a political party maintains an absolute philosophy, you will be able to equal the amount of time it will take to shift it."

The ability to change while appearing unchanging and to make pragmatism a principle of governance has not only kept the Ontario Conservatives in power provincially but has enabled them to color the national political process. The genius of the party—and the challenge Davis now faces—is the challenge to itself—in its ability to find leaders who are faithful to a formula tested through more than 40 years.

The contenders at the starting line

By Ross Laver

It is one of the most compelling positions on the Canadian political landscape, and whenever captured it automatically becomes the 19th premier of the country's richest and most populous province. As a result, as many as a dozen aspirants were testing the winds last week for a run at the leadership of Ontario's long-governing Progressive Conservative party.

Indeed, the competition to succeed William Davis was so intense that party president David McFadden estimated the leading contenders could spend about \$500,000 apiece on their campaigns. The leadership vote itself will likely be held in Toronto in January at a convention that will attract about 1,700 delegates. Actual campaign expenses could be far higher, because McFadden has decreed that the difficulty of enforcing spending limits has convinced the party not to impose a ceiling on campaigns. Even Eugene McCarthy, a 38-year-old corporate lawyer, "I have never seen the value of having rules that can't be policed. After all, what do you do if you discover that the guy you've just elected premiership is worse than he is allowed—like him?"

Money aside, many of the leadership hopefuls already have formidable campaign machines. Davis's resignation was widely anticipated, and his personal resources have been laying the groundwork for the succession race for several years. Potential candidates have quietly lined up support while taking care not to offend their own supporters or to get involved. At the same time, party strategists contended that the enduring popularity of both Davis and the party will eliminate any need to search for a fresh face that could project an image of change. Others served a senior party official. "The case against Davis, having now is that there is no decline in the party that it's time for a new direction. Instead of getting an outsider, we have the luxury of choosing someone with cabinet experience, someone we have already seen in action." Among the leading contenders for Davis's mantle:

Larry Grossman: The 40-year-old Toronto-born lawyer has scarcely concealed his ambition to succeed Davis. Many

observers claim that he is the frontrunner, and Grossman has spent the past year in the high-profile post of provincial treasurer, earning a reputation as an able administrator and astute politician. Grossman also has powerful allies, including former Davis aide Hugh Segal, former national party president Michael Meehan, and Tory pollster Allan Gregg. Still, in private, some party insiders have expressed doubts that Ontario's Jewish voters are ready for a Jewish premier. Responds Grossman: "There is a Jewish party. I would

credibly candidate. Indeed, his still-an-official campaign got a boost last week when Industry Minister Frank Miller named him—along with Grossman and Timbrell—as one of the leaders in the race.

Betsy McKenough: If delegates preferred to choose someone from outside the cabinet, they could well give their support to McKenough, 36. A local Conservative, McKenough ran third in the 1972 Tory leadership race and for years afterward was seen as a potential successor to Davis. But in 1975 he left politics and the next year became president of Union Gas Ltd. of Chatham. Many in the party believe that a comeback is unlikely. Said one official: "There has been too much with the gas industry."

Roy McMurtry: The 32-year-old provincial attorney general, who represents the wealthy Toronto riding of Eglinton, has the support of Norman Atkins, head of the Big Blue Machine and an architect of Brian Mulroney's recent federal Tory landslide. But many of those close to McMurtry doubt that he is interested in the job, and there are even rumors that he will resign from politics before the next election.

There are likely to be other candidates in the running who will be motivated less by an expectation of victory than by a desire to swap their own views or further their political careers. Such candidates could include Justice Secretary Gordon Walker, a staunch right-winger from London, and Culture Minister Susan Fish of Toronto, who might run to represent women.

By provincial tradition, political parties rarely run Torontoans as leaders—a factor that leans against the ambitions of Grossman, McMurtry and, despite his efforts to cultivate a rural constituency, Timbrell. Successive Ontario premiers in more than four decades have been able to capitalize on the suspicion about Toronto politicians as a party whose rural and small-town communities are overrepresented. Nevertheless, times are changing. And most readers say that, in the end, the contest will be won by the man who will be best—either one of whom would strip far from Davis's carefully plotted middle ground.



McKenough (above left), Pope, weighing the odds



McMurtry (left), Timbrell, the war chest awaits

be extremely surprised if either the party or the electorate felt that that was a real issue."

David Timbrell: On paper, the 37-year-old former schoolteacher is well-positioned for a run at the leadership after trading his position as head of Ontario in 1982 for a term in the agriculture portfolio in order to build a base in rural Ontario. Timbrell also has more than \$250,000 in his riding association bank account, by far the largest sum sheet of any of the potential candidates. But he too is Toronto-based.

Alan Pope: A Jewish native of London in Toronto, Ont., the 38-year-old national resources minister has a strong base in Northern Ontario, and despite his low profile many analysts say that he is a



Davis (left), Mulroney, Atkins (below): The Big Blue Machine worked magic across the nation

A politician in all seasons

Throughout his often-troubled 13-year term as premier of Ontario, William Grenville Davis has been the living embodiment of the contradictions inherent in the label "Progressive Conservative." Since he assumed power in 1971, Davis has glided back and forth, from issue to issue, across the broad expanse of the political spectrum, the Ontario's ruling Tories have accepted for more than four decades. Davis instinctively has been either a left-leaning progressive or a right-leaning conservative, depending on the shrewd sense of what Ontario voters wanted and, occasionally, what they might be able to sell. When he announced last week that he was stepping down while standing at the very summit of his political power and personal popularity, Davis was able to declare, "I like to think that as a government we have done a lot of things right."

Davis's ideological inconsistency, which he calls the politics of pragmatism and which has been largely based on party opinion polls, has sometimes unsettled his own supporters. But his approach to governing has convinced his Liberal and New Democratic Party opponents and, supported by his soaring demand for economic recovery, it has kept the Ontario Tories in office during a generation of rapid social and

political change. It has also had a profound impact on the politics of other provinces and this year, especially, on Ottawa, where a Progressive Conservative government under Prime Minister Brian Mulroney swept into power on Sept. 4 with the substantial assistance of Davis and the Ontario organization. Not surprisingly, Davis wants the provincial party to take a similar approach under his successor. He told a fundraising dinner in Toronto last week that he expected the Tories to remain "the most business and pragmatic of these political parties seeking the support of the people."

For the most part, Davis as premier has effectively managed a large and increasingly sophisticated government, according to his own modest, middle-class values. He has won four provincial elections, although two of them, in 1975 and 1977, resulted in preposterous minority governments. And he has wielded enormous power as the head of the most

The Globe and Mail, published an almost endless series of critical and occasionally sensationalist articles largely on his competence or inexperience on the part of Davis named ministers and Tory party officials. In 1973 allegations by the Globe resulted in an investigation by a legislative committee into the allegations under which Toronto builder Gerard Blom, Ontario Premier, resigned the contract to build a new 146-million dollar office for Ontario Hydro. The committee found nothing improper, but the other damage to the government's reputation.

Under attack, Davis once threatened to then-Quebec Premier Robert Bourassa that the Ontario government at Queen's Park was "in a very bad way." The Globe and Mail had once called him "a bourgeois government" as Quebec City was 250 km from the Montreal media. Said Davis: "There are many who wish the capital of Ontario was Paris—or, better yet, Kingston."





Clark with then-Prime Minister Joe Clark and Maureen McTeer, cent, detached

To much of the press and many of his political opponents, Davis has been an enigma, a blend of even-tempered administrator who somehow managed to win elections. But, as he once declared with a very smile, "Hard work." Indeed, many of Davis's critics eventually became convinced of what the Ontario electorate had seemed to know all along: that Davis is an ordinary, decent, fairly man capable of extraordinary achievements, including survival in the rough-and-tumble world of politics.

The premier, 55, whose family home is on Main Street in the Toronto suburb of Brampton, unassumingly represents himself as a small-town politician. But he has played big-league politics with skill and patience ever since he was first elected to the Ontario legislature as a 30-year-old lawyer in 1966. He was a protégé of the late Tim Kennedy, who served briefly as premier of Ontario in 1968. It was Kennedy who recommended George Drew and Leslie Frost. Marked early for political stardom, Davis became education minister in 1969, holding the portfolio for nine years, a period in which he oversaw an unprecedented expansion of the Ontario school system.

When John Robarts retired in 1975, Davis was the clear choice of the party establishment. But he was hard-pressed for the leadership by the then-minister of energy and northern affairs, Alex Lawrence, now a federal Tory member of Parliament, whose spirited campaign was managed by Toronto advertising executive Norman Atkins. Davis won—by a count of 44 votes, on the

fourth ballot in Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens. Within 48 hours Davis, already a pragmatic, revealed Atkins and other members of the Lawrence team to join such Tories as Toronto lawyer Edwin A. Goodman and farm ruler William Kelly in a political brewer trust that has since become famous as the Big Blue Machine. Then, seven months after winning the leadership, Davis called a provincial election. Before the vote his "progressive" side led him to halt construction of the environmentally controversial Spadina Expressway in Toronto, using former Tory

resident Dalton Camp's line that "the streets belong to the people." At the same time, Davis's "conservative" side led him to refuse to increase provincial funding to the separate (Catholic) school system. He was a landslide.

Davis's first full term he moved to apply modern management techniques to the Ontario government while establishing a structure of cabinet committees that most governments in Canada subsequently imitated. He also set up a largely independent system of regional government and, remembering the essential conservative nature of Ontario, declared the emergence of a pervasive society. In response to then-Nor Leader Stephen Lewis's challenge and in search of urban votes, Davis introduced rent control in 1978. But the public was less than overwhelmed, and in a bitterly fought election Ontario returned a minority government. Two years later Davis went to the people again, and again was returned in a minority position.

From 1977 to 1981, Davis and the Tories resigned themselves to the minority situation and tried to provide solid, responsive government during a period of mounting economic difficulty. The reward came in 1981, when an increasingly popular Davis led his party to a solid majority, winning 70 of the province's 105 seats. Shortly afterward, Davis began to contemplate retirement. This fall Davis, his wife, Kathleen, and their five children began discussing his options. The premier consulted closely with his closest trust. And eventually he announced on Thanksgiving Day that William Grenville Davis was going back to his roots, back to small-town Ontario, back to Brampton. For a while, at least.

—ROBERT McLELLAN

John Pierre Trudeau in 1980: the constitutional accord was a major achievement



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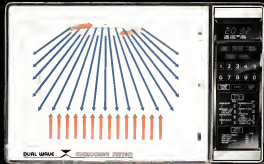
So, manufacturers began to think up all sorts of improvements. Stirrers and antennae, to rotate the waves. Then a turntable was even added to rotate the food. This subtracted a good deal of usable cooking space. Besides that, the turntable was a nuisance to clean, was breakable and expensive to replace.

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Lusenberg scallop dragger: a compromise setting sea boundaries offers a guide for dividing other disputed waters

A historic mapping of ocean rights

By Gillian MacKay

The most immediate interest was among the fishing fleets of Nova Scotia and New England, anxious to learn at last what spans of coastal areas would be theirs. But the impact of a world court decision dividing the waters into national economic zones would be felt far beyond the fish wharves of Lunenburg, N.S., or Narragansett, R.I. The arbitrating of overlapping Canadian and U.S. boundary claims by the International Court of Justice in The Hague would effectively allocate rights to undersea resources. It would offer guidelines for settling comparable disputes elsewhere. The court's decision last Friday would also color Canada-U.S. relations in general—those other ocean boundary conflicts between them in particular—and help shape international maritime law. Said Charles Donra, director of Canadian studies at the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies in Washington, D.C.: "What is key here is not so much this case as what it means for other cases."

With so much at stake, arbitration of the Atlantic water boundary was aptly protracted, expensive and ponderous.

After three years of legal proceedings, more than \$10 million in costs and 160,000 pages of documents, the case came to an abrupt conclusion in the Great Hall in the United Nations court. At the bench beneath four glowing stained-glass windows in the wood-paneled chamber, wearing a black robe with a white sash at his throat, Judge Roberto Ago of Italy delivered the majority decision of the five-judge panel in a reading that took almost four hours. Judge André Gros of France dissented. Ago, the president of the panel that included Canadian, U.S., West German and French jurists, read in bourse, halting French to an audience of 200 Canadians and U.S. legal experts and diplomats.

Faced with opposing claims to the 160,000-square-mile waters of ocean, which includes the beautiful Georges Bank fishing ground and potential wind-off and gas reserves, the ruling basically split the difference between the North American neighbors. Still, Canada officials hailed the suit-off as a modest victory. As Federal Fisheries Minister John Fraser put it later in Halifax, "We didn't get as much as we thought we might, but it was not as bad as we might have feared."

As news of the ruling reached fishing

resties on the southwestern shore of Nova Scotia, reaction ranged from disappointment to relief. Canada had sought roughly one-third of the Georges Bank and received about one-sixth. The catch from the bank contributes an estimated \$140 million annually and 3,600 jobs to the Nova Scotia economy. As long as the dispute lasted, the Canadians were free to fish the area claimed. Now fishermen must pull back and await a negotiated arrangement for all-allocate catches. Jess Proctor, chairman of the Fisheries Council of Canada, a fish processors' organization, said the ruling industry will suffer. "There will be a reduction in the fleet, there will be a rejection in the labor force for sure, so it is very disappointing to us," Proctor said.

Still, Allan Bellard of the Halifax-based Eastern Fishermen's Federation said it could have been worse, especially if the United States had won its claim to the whole bank. "We knew that any line was going to be a loss—we just hoped that we weren't going to lose everything," he said. And Rita Sweeney, who owns a shore and top basin in Yarmouth, said the slice of the bank awarded Canada is the historical Nova Scotia fishing ground. Said Sweeney: "I'm extremely



Jurist Ago: setting an apple pie

pleased, I think it is something we can study live with."

Although Canada won only half its claim, it now controls the coveted northeastern peak of the bank, a rich area for scallop and lobster and a major spawning ground for haddock. John Leck, Nova Scotia fisheries minister, said the peak encompasses half the scallops in the area, the scallop ratio it has caught in recent years. He said the court-drawn boundary also gives Canadian fishermen access to more cod, haddock and lobster than under a draft 1929 treaty which was negotiated between Canada and the United States but was settled by Washington in 1961. A senior Canadian official said in The Hague that the Canadian zone also holds greater promise for oil and gas discoveries than the U.S. portion, although that contention was dismissed by American officials as "speculative." Canadian scientists estimate the region could contain as much as 11 billion barrels of oil and 3.3 trillion cubic feet of natural gas.

Obviously, the United States still holds resources. Splendid state depart-

ment spokesman John Hughes: "It's a 400-page judgment. We need some time to digest it." But Mary Beth Gurdum, staff expert on fisheries for Rep. John Senator William Cohen of Maine, expressed disappointment. "We expected some kind of compromise but we are not happy with this. Canada got more than it could have expected." Charles Pollitt, president of the Port Jervis, R.I., Fishermen's Co-operative Association, too, was even more direct. "We got screwed," he said.

In deciding the world court rejected the rival claims as being based on "false premises" and the panel majority devised its own technical criteria to reach an "equitable solution." The four panelists agreeing were Ago, Hermann Meier of West Germany, Stephen Schwebel of the United States and jurist Marek J. Cohen of Okawa, who was specially assigned for the case because Canada is not represented on the regular 15-judge bench. Cohen, 74, is a specialist in international law and a former co-chairman of the U.S.-Canada International Joint Commission, which oversees freshwater boundaries. Gros of France presided in a named boundary equivalent from each coastline, while the majority drew a compromise line that took account of the rival arguments.

The majority decision, as the first such determination of a maritime boundary comprising both water and the continental shelf, sets potential precedents for a global array of disputes that followed general acceptance in the 1970s of 200-mile coastal zones of economic jurisdiction. Those coastal boundaries between Canada and the United States remain in the Strait of Juan de Fuca between British Columbia and Washington state, in the Dixon Entrance between British Columbia and

Alaska, and in the Beaufort Sea between the Yukon and Alaska. Negotiations as those areas were suspended in 1979 pending the outcome of the East Coast trade. Canada also has maritime boundary differences with the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon off Newfoundland and with Greenland in the Arctic. Lawyers, wary about pursuing the request the Hague decision in other cases, are studying the fine print.

Arguments between Canada and the United States over the Georges Bank fishing grounds date from the early 19th century. The most recent attempt to set a boundary began in July, 1978. Canada claimed that it should be drawn from equidistant points on Canadian and U.S. coasts—excluding Cape Cod as "an extraordinary preponderance." The United States contended that the whole area was a natural geological extension of its continental shelf. Each country also claimed a long tradition of fishing in the Georges Bank, a point pressed by a 33-member Canadian team in The Hague led by Leonard Lessault, legal adviser to the national affairs department. At sea peak, Donra S. Robinson, the chief U.S. legal adviser, told the court that the bank was "an American apple pie." In fact, long-distance trawlers from the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe accounted for the bulk of fishing in the area until 1977, when both Canada and the United States claimed 200-mile fishing zones and barred most foreigners.

In the absence of a Canada-U.S. agreement, each country was facing the Georges Bank according to its own laws. The situation rankled with Canadian fishermen. They claimed that Ottawa limited their while U.S. fishermen were unrestricted. Eventually, both sides acknowledged the serious threat to the scallop stocks posed by overfishing, and, since 1981, each country has imposed voluntary restrictions designed to maintain the scallop stocks. Although the boundary is settled, the issue of managing the 16 fish species in the area remains. Said Deputy Minister of the Fisheries department in Nova Scotia: "There has to be an equitable arrangement, otherwise one side or the other could measure the entire stock." But the process could prove difficult. As one senior U.S. official said in The Hague: "Whether or not this will be resolved amicably, I don't know, but there is going to be a fishing problem." □





Revolutionist critic Charles Caccia with Turner: a 'stimulating challenge'

Upstaging the Liberals

By Susan Riley

In the campaign for the Sept. 4 federal election, then-Prime Minister John Turner had difficulty defending the makeup of his cabinet—composed mainly of holdovers from the Trudeau era. Turner's standard explanation for not installing new ministers was his contention that he had to work "with the material I had." Last week a more relaxed Turner, whose defeated Liberals now form the official Opposition to Prime Minister Brian Mulroney's Conservative government, unveiled his shadow cabinet. And finally, there were new faces among the old in key jobs. Then the Tories upstaged Turner's presentation by unveiling two prominent patronage appointments held over from Turner and his predecessor, Pierre Trudeau.

Just a few hours after Turner made his announcement, External Affairs Minister Joe Clark's office issued a terse statement saying the two most heavily criticized appointments of former Liberal cabinet ministers, Bryan Mackay as ambassador to Portugal and Eugene Whelan as Canada's first ambassador in the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization in Rome. Clark also overturned the posting of Maurice Dupras, a former Liberal back-bancher from Quebec, as consul general in Bordeaux, France. None of the three men had actually moved into his projected job in Europe.

Both the Liberals and the Conservatives had known since the election that there was little chance of Mackay or Whelan keeping the appointments, but the announcement raised the question of why the government waited so long. A possible explanation was that Ottawa delayed to avoid siding to the president facing Mackay, whose former financial adviser, Robert Harrison, currently is facing a preliminary hearing in Montreal on charges of theft and fraud charges—and has claimed as his defence that he was only trying to help Mackay deal with his personal debts. For his part, Mackay professed to be shocked by the cancellation of his appointment. "It upset should feel uneasy tonight," said Mackay, "for the people who made the decision" (increased his appointment). Ottawa's observers were also puzzled by the omission of Dupras in last week's announcement. The controversial Trudeau patronage appointments included postings and jobs for 10 other Liberals that apparently will be allowed to stand. The probable explanation was that Mackay, Whelan and Dupras were the only first-time diplomatic appointments.

Copps' opportunity



In the new shadow cabinet, former Liberal stalwarts received key posts. Juan Christen will serve as external affairs critic and Donald Johnston as financial spokesman, while veteran Frank Grey functions as Opposition House leader. But in following a group of critics from a Liberal caucus that in exactly the same case as the 48-member Tory cabinet, Turner gave several interesting newcomers a chance to perform in important assignments. Raymond Gennaro, a former finance minister in Quebec, will be Treasury Board critic. Shonie Copps, who was a lively opposition member of the Ontario legislature until she ran federally, will serve as labor and housing critic. "The opportunity for so many in opposition is fabulous," declared an elated Turner, who had just returned from two weeks in Bermuda with members of his family. "I expect the next four years to be the most stimulating challenge of my life and I welcome it."

Other key figures in the Liberal shadow cabinet include former transport minister Lloyd Axworthy, who will serve as critic of regional industrial expansion, André Ouellet, who held a variety of positions in the previous cabinet, will handle transport, and former solicitor general Robert Kaplan will be the critical counterpart of Tory Justice Minister John Crosbie. Newcomer Louis Picot, past chairman of the Canadian Advisory Council on the Status of Women, will be immigration critic.

One somewhat startling prospect that Turner shed when he returned to Ottawa last week was that Christen does not intend to give Parliament his undivided attention. Christen, who served as Turner's external affairs minister and under Trudeau held nine other cabinet portfolios, accepted an appointment with a Toronto law firm while Turner was on vacation. Turner's response to reporters who asked him about the prospects of a part-time colleague last week was that Christen had assured him he would get his political responsibilities first. But there are indications that Christen is still somewhat bitter over losing last summer's party leadership race to Turner.

In the meantime, with 215 Tories on one side of the shrunken Liberal contingent and a 30-member New Democratic Party across on the other, Turner will need a dedicated campaign team from all of his men when Parliament resumes Nov. 5.

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A youthful new speaker for the House

By Carol Gaur

John William Bosley, the Conservative member of Parliament for Don Valley West, was about to tie off at Toronto's Rasseads Golf Club last month when a political aide telephoned to say that Prime Minister Brian Mulroney wanted to talk to him later. Bosley played six holes, then dropped into the clubhouse to make the telephone call. He emerged elated. "For some reason I was able to let the ball a lot further in the second nine," he recalled, but much as he prepared to take on the job that Mulroney had offered, him—Speaker of the House of Commons in Canada's 34th Parliament—the chief referee of debates and manager of the 3,000-strong Commons staff of aides and pages, clerks and police. But Bosley's testing assignment, after only five years as an MP, provoked less surprise among close colleagues than the report that the apparently dedicated bachelor was getting married.

Bosley booked a parliamentary room almost next door to the Commons chamber for his marriage this week to Nicole Howie, a Montreal communications consultant who has helped him improve his French. Fellow Tory MP Donald Blenkins of Mississauga predicted that Bosley will be a sound Speaker, but added that he was astonished when he learned of the wedding. "I always considered him the 'free-wheeling bachelor type,'" said Blenkins. At 37, Bosley will be the Commons' youngest Speaker since Albert Selwyn, who was 34, was appointed in 1946. But the former Toronto city politician and parliamentary secretary to then-Prime Minister Joe Clark has a well-deserved respect for Parliament's rules and traditions. He is also known for his ability to stay cool under pressure.

Bosley is, according to Ontario Tory MP Geoff Boett, "a thoughtful, laid-back kind of guy with a businesslike approach to things, and that is the tone of the Mulroney government." He can be expected, colleagues said, to oppose any attempt by the 316-member Conservative majority to rush measures through the 300-seat House. Stud Blenkins, "if one of our ministers tries to play games and run something through the House, he will be the first one to say so."



Kingsmere, Bosley: the challenge of a double transition from ordinary MP and bachelorhood

When Parliament resumes on Nov. 5—allowing Bosley and his bride time for a honeymoon—the little-known, bilingual MP will take part in a ceremonial British parliamentary tradition. Mulroney and Opposition Leader John Turner will precede a dog's reading.

Bosley down the aisle of the Commons to the throne-like Speaker's chair. The province dates from 14th-century England when the commons' chosen spokesman raised the monarch's ire or petitioned when reporting what the Commons wanted. The modern Speaker courts the displeasure of all leagues, even censure, in a role as important as any of the three party leaders in shaping Parliament's law-making process. As well, he sets the tone of the daily debates, allowing them to be scrappy and spontaneous or stiff and formal. Along with his House duties, Bosley admits to past problems such as the persistent dilemma over whether to allow parliamentary security guards to carry guns, and a drive for amendment that is developing among the House of Commons employees.

After Bosley's nomination has been officially approved, the outgoing real estate executive will move out of his cozy house in Ottawa's elite New Edinburgh district and take over a private apartment behind the Commons chamber and the rambling Kingsmere estate, the Speaker's country residence in the Gatineau Hills 15 km from Ottawa. The Speaker's annual salary is \$110,000. A personal staff of about 55 includes a chauffeur for his official limousine and a number of staff to help entertain a flow of visiting foreign parliamentarians.

In an interview, he admitted and smoked modestly, acknowledging the challenge of a double transition from bachelorhood and bachelorhood. But Bosley insisted: "Converted is a better word than nervous—I'm both nervous and excited." On his honeymoon, Bosley planned to take along a huge binder with the names and photographs of MPs and books on parliamentary procedure. "Nicole was wonderful about it," added Bosley. "She just said to me: 'I got the books in both languages so I could practice my French.'"



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A sudden outburst of murder

The violent weekend began with a car theft in Montreal and ended 45 hours, 280 km and four deaths later in Woodstock, Ont. Two of the victims were policemen—one of whom may have been hit by a police bullet in a shootout with armed fugitives. The next day still another police officer died violently north of Toronto when a troubled 18-year-old man used his father's Necoflex-Beta to run a police cruiser, then killed himself with the dead policeman's revolver. The killings added impetus to the growing demands from police officials, politicians and ordinary citizens for restoration of the death penalty. But the rising death toll also raised questions about their own psychos—and prompted fears that, in the future, misadventure officers might be more inclined to use their guns.

In Ottawa the latest police slayings put increased pressure on Prime Minister Brian Mulroney's Conservative government to hold a free vote on the restoration of capital punishment. William Dumas, a Tory MP from Peterborough, Ont., claimed that more than three-quarters of his constituents favoured capital punishment and predicted a vote on the issue "before this Parliament is held over." But Solicitor

General Elmer MacKay reiterated Mulroney's earlier position that the subject would not have a high priority in the new government's planning. "The issue should be considered in a period of receding," declared MacKay, "and not at a time when public emotions are high."

But MacKay wanted to stay in Ottawa in order to review a series of police procedures after two of the policemen to die last week were killed while trying to apprehend a pair of parolous from separate prisons in the Kingston, Ont., region who went on a deadly interprovincial rampage. After stealing a car they gunned down Montreal police Const. Pierre Beaulieu, 39, and the car's teenage owner, then kidnapped a retired and forced him to drive them west. Ontario Provincial Police tracked down the killers. Beaulieu, a 20-year-old, was shot and killed. Daniel Belanger, a 29-year-old Montrealer out of prison on a six-

year day-parole order after serving 25 months of a 54-month sentence for armed robbery and the illegal use of a weapon, died during a shootout with a police tactical squad. Twenty hours later Denis Côté, 22, of Woodstock, who was on mandatory supervision after serving part of a 28-month sentence on a series of robbery and other offences, was arrested en route after a siege outside a house in Woodstock.

But in a statement issued three days after Beaulieu's death, the OPP said that "at the moment there is at best confusion over the source of all the bullets" fired in the shootout with Belanger. The statement, which gave rise to speculation that Beaulieu might have been hit by a police bullet, added that "several shots were fired" by the police and Belanger "in a very short period of time in poor lighting conditions."

The third police killing of the long weekend—another 20-year-old, Ont. Lee Robinson, 15, who had warned friends that he was "going to do something drastic like drive into a brick wall

after a quarrel with his girlfriend, rammed a police cruiser with his father's car, killing Const. George Grant, 25.

Following the renewed violence, Ontario forces stepped up survival training, and several police chiefs warned that citizens might have to get used to seeing officers with drawn guns. But government ministers tried to quash such talk. Declared Ontario Solicitor General George Taylor: "We won't have any police in Ontario pulling their guns first and asking questions later—that just won't happen."

The latest killings brought to six the number of on-duty police officers slain in Canada this year—all in a two-month period. The 1984 toll so far put the number well above the average over the past decade. But the statistics did not point to any obvious connection between police killings and the death penalty. In 1982, the year of the last execution in Canada, 11 police officers were killed. But in the following 30 years—before and since 1976, when Parliament formally abolished hanging—the annual average has been 25 on-duty deaths.

Experts disagreed about the reasons, other than random coincidence, behind the sudden outbreak of violence toward Canadian police officers. James V.P. Christ, a social psychologist at the University of Toronto, blamed violence in



Police at Woodstock siege: 'confusion'

movies and on TV. Said Christ: "The more powerful message is that it makes you a hero." But Elmer MacKenzie, an associate professor in the criminology department of Vancouver's Simon Fraser University, disagreed. Although there may be a "sagittary element," said MacKenzie, it is "more inclined to blame someone problems for the rise in violent crime. 'When conditions get tough,' he observed, "everyone gets pushed closer to the edge. Police are the front-line soldiers who bear the brunt of everyone's stress."

Jon Anderson, a former Montreal policeman who now is chairman of the police and corrections technology department at Quebec's John Abbott College, believes that some officers are killed because they have forgotten their training. "Blatancy is the biggest killer of policemen," said Anderson. "After a while their training goes into their back pocket, and their measure of caution drops." Taylor Buchanan, a former Oakland, Calif., police officer who teaches at Concordia University, agrees. And he doubts that capital punishment would deter many killers. "Most people who commit a crime think they will get away with it," said Buchanan. "Restoring capital punishment may be the morally correct argument, but it won't make policemen safe and sound."

—TERRY HARRINGTON in Toronto

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A vandal goes to jail



Greyson: no remorse

His actions defaced a historic Canadian document, but Toronto art student Peter Greyson, 24, showed no remorse. Thinking none of that, Ottawa Judge David McWilliam last week sentenced Greyson to 60 days in jail for pouring paint on one of the two signed copies of Canada's Constitution in July, 1982, to prevent the seceding of cruise missiles over Canada. During his trial last month, witnesses told the court that Greyson started Ottawa's Public Archives, said to see a copy of the Constitution—handwritten by calligrapher John Whitbread and signed by Queen Elizabeth II—and then dumped red, first-based paint on it. The 26-by-36-inch calligraphic document is still marked by a faint red mark across the middle.

A place in the sun

As the first hints of winter are felt across the country, many Canadians begin to make plans for holidays in warmer southern climes. But, Marcel Leger, Quebec's recently appointed minister of tourism, has a much warmer wish. Quebec, Leger said last week, should consider buying Caribbean islands where its tourists could frolic without any concern for currency payments or the devalued dollar. Leger, who is concerned about the \$1.34 billion that Quebecers spend annually outside Canada, said that he has been considering the idea ever since representatives from Turks and Caicos, a network of islands off the tip of the Bahama strait, proposed to do business with Canada 18 years ago. Island representatives proposed that the British colony of about 6,000 people join Canada rather than pursue a future as an independent country. But then Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's government dismissed the suggestion, contending that Canada should not become a colonial power. Leger, who admitted that his proposal had not yet been considered in detail by Premier René Lévesque's cabinet, said that any islands should be purchased under terms that would effectively make them a Quebec territory to be developed by businessmen solely from the province. If accepted, that proposal might assure investment in other provinces. But Leger's plan has as much chance of sweeping federally as the ill-fated private space-bus bill to further the Turks and Caicos acquisition in 1974.

The Lillooet overflows

Residents of the farming and logging community of Pemberton, B.C., counted the cost in dollars and despite last week after the usually serene Lillooet River burst its banks, anguished thousands of houses and left a trail of overturned railway cars, ruined crops and drowned livestock. But no one was killed or seriously injured when three days of heavy rain caused the river to surge through the community of 1,000 people 160 km north of Vancouver. The flood built up against the embankment of the British Columbia Railway tracks that run through the area and the water spilled over the viaduct. More than 300 people were evacuated from their homes and put up in a hotel, a church and private homes above the floodwaters. Residents who tried to protect their property

with sandbags were forced to retreat to higher ground and watch as their belongings and crops were swept away. As the flooding subsided, damage was estimated at \$6 million to \$7 million. The victims hoped that at least that amount in combined federal and provincial aid would be available to rebuild. Still, said logger Randy Kilina, "It is difficult to tell what you have lost. Things are floating all over the place." Some predicted a bleak future. Declared heavy-equipment operator Roger Dupuis, who had to rescue his wife and three children from the family's flooded house trailer: "There's not much you can do. You've got to accept what happened and start back at zero."

Policemen in the dock

When the trial of Sherbrooke, Que., police detectives Roger Dion and André Gauthier goes to the jury, two key questions will have to be decided. Were the police justified in mistaking two law-abiding expert layers from the Quebec City area for the man who murdered a British guard on a Sherbrooke shopping plaza the day before? And was it a reasonable decision to stage an early-morning raid at the Rock Forest motel where the two men were sleeping last Feb. 20—a raid that left Serge Gauthier, 38, dead and that seriously injured Jean-Paul Besnault, 32? Last week Dion, who is charged with dangerous use of a firearm and discharging a firearm with intent to wound, told the court how he kicked in the door of the motel room, entered the room with his revolver drawn and fired when he saw somebody move. Gauthier, who is charged with manslaughter, stands in court looking badly burnt and disheveled in a fire, testified that when he heard the pistol go off he fired 20 rounds from his Unsubmachine-gun because he thought his partner had been shot. In earlier testimony, Sherbrooke Detective Michel Salvetti, who will be tried separately, had told the court how he had planned the raid as a surprise operation. "I was intended to prevent the first trial." At one point, Gauthier broke down and had to apologize to the judge. Dion's head he said quickly, "Excuse me, your honor, I have flashbacks, memories."

Liberal comeback plans



Barry's son: time's

Liberal party fortunes have been declining in Newfoundland ever since the Conservatives ended Joey Smallwood's 20-year reign in 1972. After taking over the party leadership from veteran leader Steven Murray last week, Leo Barry declared that he is determined to change that. A former Tory who quit Premier Brian Peckford's cabinet in 1961, Barry was not fired that he is an ex-Tory. Peckford, who commands a massive majority in the 28-seat assembly and does not have to call an election until early 1987, scored politically in June by making an agreement in principle with Brian Mulroney which is supposed to give Newfoundland a bigger share of offshore oil revenues. But Barry said that problems in the fishing industry and Peckford's failure to deal with them delivered the political leadership of the party. As evidence of dissatisfaction with Peckford, Barry pointed to a New Democratic Party legislative victory last week that gave the NDP its first seat ever in the assembly.

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Thatcher's Close Call

By Ross Laver

The elegant 16th century Grand Hotel in the English Channel resort of Brighton was bustling with activity even though it was the middle of the night. In the lobby about 200 revelers were returning to their rooms from a formal ball marking the annual four-day conference of Britain's ruling Conservative Party. Lying in her second-floor Napoleon suite, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and Conservative Party chairman John Gummer worked on her keynote address to the closing session of the conference. Thatcher's husband, Denis, 66, was sleeping in a nearby bed. Suddenly, at 2:54 a.m. last Friday, a powerful explosion ripped out a huge frontal section of the eight-story building, scattering chunks of concrete and burying dozens of guests under dust and debris.

Fatality: Remarkably, Thatcher—the one to deliver her speech on a day when her party planned to debate the British army's role in strife-torn Northern Ireland—escaped unharmed. So did all but one of the 50 cabinet members who were staying in the hotel. But by Saturday the list still incomplete as rescuers poked through the rubble, wood of three killed, 32 injured and one missing and presumed dead. Among the fatalities: veteran Tory MP Sir Anthony Barry, 53, four of whose children by a first marriage are officers of the Princess of Wales. Almost immediately, British police suspected that the outlandish Irish Republican Army was responsible for the blast, an unprecedented attack on the entire government.

Indeed, nine hours later in Dublin, an IRA spokesman who signed himself "P O'Neill" issued a statement claiming such governmental overreactions had demonstrated a 100-to-100,000 ratio against the British cabinet and the Tory movement. "Added the statement, 'Today we were unlucky. But remember, we have only to be lucky once, you will have to be lucky always. Give Ireland peace and there will be no war.'"

For her part, a defiant Thatcher shrugged off her brush with death and insisted that the party conference proceed as scheduled. Declined Gummer: "The government will never give way to

The damaged hotel debris and death



uglies in Brighton, any more than we give way to bombs in Belfast. There is no way that violence will be allowed to win in this country while this government is in power."

Nevertheless, the shocking implications of last week's bombing was that despite years of counterterrorism efforts by the British army and police, IRA rebels still roam largely unchecked across the British political landscape. Thatcher herself had never before been the target of an assassination attempt, although police have intercepted a series of letters bomb destined for her or her ministers in the five years since she took office. But in its campaign to drive the British out of Protestant-dominated Northern Ireland and unite it with the Irish republic, the IRA has killed 64 people and injured more than 1,000 since its attacks began in Britain in 1972. In one grisly incident a car bomb exploded outside London's famous Harrod's department store last Dec. 11, killing six people and injuring more than 90.

Threat: At the same time, the IRA's spectacular success in penetrating British security seemed certain to add to Thatcher's list of political problems. The Iron Lady's grip on her own party looked as firm as ever last week, despite the prospect of a few back-bench mavericks (page 26). But how government still appears powerless to end the country's seven-month "military" strike, and as each week passes the threat of power cuts this winter seems steadily larger. At the same time,

the government's controversial economic policies have failed either to cure unemployment, which is now 12.4 percent and rising. A recent poll showed that while the Tories were still ahead of the opposition Labour Party, 64 per cent of voters believed Thatcher was doing a bad job on unemployment, and 62 per cent criticized her handling of the coal strike.

Last week the Church of England, traditionally a friend of the Conservative Party, added its authoritative voice to the chorus of Thatcher's critics. In an outspoken interview with the *London Times*, the Archbishop of Canterbury,

the Most Rev. Robert Runcie, denounced the handling of the miners' strike and declared that politicians who "treat people as slaves" are partly to blame for pocket-size violence. Also last week, Thatcher faced criticism over allegations of excessive government secrecy. The attacks occurred as a senior civil servant went on trial for passing state secrets about Winston's handling of the 1982 Falklands War to an opposition MP (page 28).

Built, these troubles paled in comparison to the carnage caused by last week's



Thatcher: a spectacular, carefully planned attack

attack. Indeed, special branch detectives in Brighton disclosed that the blast would probably have killed Thatcher had it occurred only two minutes earlier—when the prime minister was using the bathroom. Although the rest of her suite survived the explosion relatively unscathed, police said, the bathroom was destroyed by falling masonry.

Pantheon: The explosion capped a week of introspection and debate by Conservative members, who talked about the economy. But on Thursday the roughly 1,500 delegates split the evening's focus at private receptions and a formal ball at Brighton's seven-year-old

convention centre, next door to the sea-front Grand Hotel. Thatcher herself enjoyed a guest-served dinner at the hotel before joining the festivities, dancing with a young Conservative named Tim Bristow, who exchanged his place at the gala with the guests. Then, shortly after 11 p.m., she returned to her suite to continue working on her keynote speech. Said Thatcher, who celebrated her 55th birthday quietly on Saturday: "I just turned to do one final paper... and it went off. My bedroom was on fire, and all the windows went. The bathroom was extremely badly damaged. We were very, very fortunate."

Shocked: As it was, Thatcher was shaken but unharmed. Gummer, who was in the hallway outside the prime minister's suite when the bomb went off, told reporters later that he was thrown off his feet by the force of the explosion. Moments later he saw Thatcher emerge from her bedroom asking, "Is there anything I can do to help?" Roasted Gummer: "She was totally calm and looked very angry." The prime minister then remained in her room for half an hour, dressing and talking with aides, before leaving by a rear staircase to a waiting Jaguar, which drove her to a nearby police station. A police constable who was with Thatcher shortly after the blast described her as being "icy calm throughout."

Other hotel guests were less fortunate. Dazed, shocked and covered in dust, dozens of Thatcher's ministers and other leading Conservatives scrambled from the 276-room hotel in their pyjamas and silk dressing gowns, groping through smoke and scrambling over rubble. Said Conservative Party chairwoman Emma Nicholson, who had been asleep on the second floor near Thatcher's room: "The bomb looked like a fire set gone wrong. The chairs we had been sitting in when we were laughing and joking a little while earlier were shattered like matchsticks."

Remarkably, the government secretary, Patrick Jenkinson, slept through the blast and did not awaken until the fire alarm sounded. Said Jenkinson: "I grabbed a mac [raincoat] and ran out. There were no signs of panic. I didn't realize how serious it was until I got out and saw the damage to the front of the building." Then, while smoke billowed about on the southeast and appeals went out for medical help, teams of police detectives rushed back into the building to retrieve boxes of confidential cabinet briefing papers left by the ministers in their haste to reach the exits to evacuate the hotel.

The injured minister was trade and industry secretary Norman Tebbit, 53. A lifelong defender of tough economic policies whose meteoric rise through the party ranks has earned him the aura of Thatcher's heir apparent,

Thatcher and his wife, Margaret, were asleep on an upper floor of the 120-year-old hotel when the bomb exploded. Police sources said the minister apparently played three or four floors before landing on what was once a male staircase to the hotel under a crashing heap of splintered wood, bed frames and chunks of plaster.

Four hours later forensic disjunctors through the debris spotted his tan Working under the glare of a television floodlamp—the only source of light available after the blast crippled the hotel's power supply—rescuers freed Thatcher and rushed him to the nearby Royal Sussex Hospital for treatment of cracked ribs and a cracked thigh. The wife suffered broken fingers. Two more hours passed before the rescuers could extricate another senior Tory, chief whip John Wakeham, 55. Saturday a hospital spokeswoman said that Wakeham's condition had improved slightly after surgery on severe injuries to his lower legs. But Wakeham's wife, Anne, was believed to be one of those killed. The third victim was Eric Taylor, a Tory official in his early 50s.

Madness: Outside the hotel's thickened door and dirt heap over a scene of utter confusion.

Taxi driver Rex Allen, 50, told reporters that two police cars, accompanied by a man and a woman who had witnessed the explosion, came to a stop and ordered him to look for a young Arab or Iranian with a beard or white trousers. Said Allen: "I drove around for about 10 minutes and didn't see anyone." Meanwhile, a fleet of about 50 ambulances rushed the injured to hospitals while police sealed off the area and evacuated nearby buildings. Descriptive words for other bombs found in a nearby parcel and destroyed it.

At the police station, outpouring messages of condolence began arriv-

ing from around the country and the world. Opposition leader Neil Kinnock called it a "vile act," adding, "There can be no occasion for the wounding madness of those who think [pp] crimes like this bombing." From the Vatican, Pope John Paul II sent a message to the Royal Warrant in London expressing

other senior government officials. Despite more than a decade of Irish terrorism in Britain—and attacks by other groups backed by Libya's fanatical Cal Meummar Khadafi—government was still appear in public with little or no armed protection. Political leaders said that to these officers from Scotland Yard's Special Branch accompany Thatcher permanently, is sharp contrast to the heavy security that usually surrounds Reagan.

Chaos: At the Grand Hotel, there were numerous opportunities for terrorists to strike despite the precautions. Metal barriers blocked the main entrance to the building, and authorities restricted access to either party activists or accredited journalists, as well, police had sealed all 120 passenger staff of the hotel and installed closed-circuit television cameras throughout the building. But police often neglected side entrances, and there were no metal detectors or searches of bags. Said one delegate: "Security was terrible. I had to deliver a letter to the prime minister and nobody checked me. I could have been anyone." Nevertheless, Home Secretary Leon Brittan insisted that police had done all they could to prevent an attack. Said Brittan: "A ghastly event of this sort is obviously terrifying. But the hotel is a public place. There is no way in a free country that you can guarantee total security." Later, the chief constable for the Brighton area, Roger Hinch, termed an outside police chief to conduct an inquiry into security measures for the conference.

As the investigation continued, police theorized that an explosive device equipped with a battery-powered timer might have been planted in the hotel several weeks ago. As a result, an amount of security checks at the door last week could have prevented the attack. Said Const. Bill Mackintosh of Scotland Yard's metropolitan squad, the damage caused by the blast indicated that the bomb had probably been hidden in a cavity between the sixth and seventh floors, perhaps under the floorboards. According to Mackintosh, who the bomb exploded the sixth floor lifted upward, there crashed down onto the seventh floor. Those two then collapsed on the floors below, causing a domino effect. Said Mackintosh: "What we have is a multidecker sandwich of seven layers. It is only because of bad luck that there was so much damage."

Terror at the Grand



The bomb was hidden between the hotel's floors

Trade Minister Norman Tebbit escaped from his bedroom

Thatcher worked on cabinet papers while her husband spent the afternoon warily destroyed

Next investigation



First aid workers carrying victims from the rubble. Very, very awkward!

The blast also seemed to suggest that the guerrillas are becoming increasingly expert in the planning of bomb attacks. Said Mackintosh: "The IRA now have the ability to time a device in a more sophisticated manner than before. How do you protect when we're up against this type of device?" He added that police tracker dogs trained to sniff out explosives had made several sweeps through the hotel in the days leading up to the explosion. But the bomb might have escaped detection if it had been wrapped in plastic, or if it was a new form of explosive that the dogs had not been trained to detect.

Reactions: Among the delegates there were few major speeches about the wisdom of Thatcher's policies in Northern Ireland. Declared Jerry Burrey: "If the IRA think that sort of thing is going to frighten the British people away from doing what they believe to be right, they simply don't understand." And Terry Nicholas Kent said that the atmosphere Friday afternoon during Thatcher's keynote speech was one of anger and frustration. Said Kent: "I don't think [the bombing] changes anything, except that it has made us more determined. It's not just a blow to our morale." But delegates also approved a resolution supporting the police and armed forces in Northern Ireland and backing efforts to find a just solution to the sectarian violence. Said Thatcher, who received a tearful embrace when she stepped to the podium: "The government will not waver. This nation will rise to the challenge. Democracy will prevail." Later, the prime minister sped away in a dark Mini Jaguar to Chipping, her country retreat.

For the past year, British police have been

Hailed as the largest haul of its kind since the Irish troubles began in 1969, the arms seizure was only the latest in a series of recent setbacks for the IRA. Only days earlier security forces had raided a clandestine bomb factory north of London and arrested a man they claimed was one of the rebel group's top explosives experts. At the same time, police in London have shown themselves adept at cracking IRA units and have made several arrests of suspected IRA guerrillas this year.

Still, last week's bombing was dramatic evidence that far from yielding to the British government's pressure,

the IRA is still very much in business. Ironically, the terrorist bombing may provide some much-needed sympathy among voters for Thatcher's beleaguered government at a time when, on every front, it faces major threats and challenges. That, however, will be no consolation for the families of those who died or were injured in last week's hotel bombing—or indeed for Thatcher herself, who must now add to the list of political hazards that beset her a more imminent danger: the ever-present threat of a terrorist attack.

With Joe Austin in Brighton, Jon Miller in London and William Leather in Washington.

Thatcher dancing with Tim Butcher husband. Desk (bomb) shaken, unbowed



The unassailable Tories

A Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher stepped up to the task at the Conservative Party convention after narrowly escaping a bomb blast, as usual, the delegates poured out a deluge of applause in a collective posture of sympathy. The convention's greeting also bespoke a closing of ranks around a leader beset by political danger, including rampant discontent within his party. The surge of feeling that followed her personal peril subverted—in part, and at least for a time—the

she had done a poor job of handling the miners' strike. But the prime minister's composure and soaring rhetoric, which ignited the Irish Republican Army bomb attack in an attempt against the Tory government, silenced the party rebels at the convention. Responding to the cheers of the delegates, the free Lady declared, "This government will not waver."

Victories: Other factors worked to help Tory ranks stand. Instead of provoking open discussion at the convention, the seven-month-old mining strike

whispering vocal was optimistic based on an unswerving faith in the massive effects of the party's monetarist economic policy. Chancellor of the Exchequer Nigel Lawson, charging that monetarist trade unions had caused high unemployment in Britain, drew cheers when he exclaimed, "Enterpriser has reason—indeed, unemployment can be reduced." And as oration greeted Norman Tebbit, the industry and trade secretary who was later hit by Friday's bomb blast, when he praised the government's program to sell off public companies.

Reporting the Tory opinion at the convention was a sense that the opposition parties were even less a threat than in June, 1982, when the Thatcher government was re-elected massively. The Labour Party, which briefly led the Tories in opinion polls earlier this year,



Labour's Alton (left), the Liberts' Steel, a divide of opposition suffering from unreflected wounds and a peripheral presence

threats to Thatcher's leadership.

Before the bombing, Thatcher's handling of national troubles, including an unrelenting response to a protracted mailmen's strike and a refusal to intervene, was said to have generated nationwide talk among as many as 150 Tory backbenchers and ministers indeed, shortly before the party gathered in Brighton, the New Group, a leading Conservative think tank, accused the government of being "reluctant and over-defensive." At the same time, the so-called West-Down on the left wing of the party—were increasingly critical of Thatcher's failure to deal with Britain's 10.6-per-cent unemployment rate.

Reasons: There were signs that the public shared the discontent. Although a recent Sunday Times poll gave the Tories an eight-point lead over the opposition Labour Party, pollsters also found that 81 per cent of the public felt Thatcher was "out of touch with the people," and 69 per cent thought that

because a unifying factor. Delegates unanimously condemned violence by the National Union of Miscellaneous and introduced as the picket line. As a Times editorial noted last week, the "element of opposition" to union president Arthur Scargill has kept the Conservative Party from "erecting up into all kinds of policy divisions." In 1974 the handling of a similar dispute by then-Prime Minister Edward Heath was blamed for the electoral defeat of his Conservative government.

Thatcher also was spared a major connection springing over unemployment and government management of the economy. Iain Macleod, a member of the National Association of Conservative Trade Unions, urged the party last week to be more conspicuous in its economic policies. Declared Macleod, "There has to be an alternative. Otherwise, one day we will experience an explosion the likes of which you have never witnessed before." But the over-

suffered self-inflicted wounds at an annual convention that preceded the Conservative meeting. The Labour assembly was marked by infighting between a moderate faction, including party leader Neil Kinnock, and radical leftists. And Kinnock's calm to repudiate violence on the picket line were overshadowed by NUT leader Scargill's fiery defence of union tactics. At the same time, the affairs of the Liberal Party, led by David Steel, and the Social Democratic Party in a peripheral rivalry with only 50 seats in the 650 seat House of Commons.

Supremacy: Thatcher is far from free of the dangers of a troubled economy, industrial unrest and the security threat posed by Irish urban guerrillas. But as the convention closed she seemed safe from damaging partisan attack or any serious Tory splitting. Tempored as a survivor of political adversity and physical attack, for now the free Lady enjoys supreme.

—PATRICIA RICHIE, with Ian Mather in London

A union of prelate and the miners

The bishop of Durham stepped into the government's "path of confrontation." The bishop of Durham turned his correspondence with a senior cabinet minister a "dialogue with the deaf." And the Archbishop of Canterbury himself, the Most Rev. Robert Runcie, derided the absence of "leadership that will unite, not divide, the nation." Clearly, if Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher ever believed that the Church of England was only "the Conservative Party at prayer"—an epistle has occasionally suggested—but faith last week was profoundly shaken.

What prompted the church's extraordinary entry into Britain's political life was the Thatcher government's handling of the bitter seven-month-old coalminers' strike. Provoked by the National Union of Miscellaneous' increasingly violent tactics, police and picketers have engaged in bloody clashes. The result, 3,000 arrests, hundreds injured and a social climate poisoned by inflammatory rhetoric on both sides.

Contingents: Outspokenly, the 182,000-member NUT is protesting the National Coal Board's plan for closing 50 money-losing mines and eliminating 20,000 jobs through strikes. But if that controversial proposal prompted the initial walk-out last March 22, the strike has long since become as much a political as an economic statement. Last week a British high-court found the miners' Communist president, Arthur Scargill \$1,600 (\$1,000) and the union owed \$250,000 (\$250,000) for contempt of court. In defiance of a court order, Scargill has declared his apocalyptic belief, in fact, the NUT membership has never been halloped in the issue. The question of

legality is important because if the strike is ruled illegal the union is not permitted to discourage dissident miners from crossing picket lines to return to work. Some 26 per cent of Britain's 775 state-owned mines are still operating. "What [Scargill] is actually fighting," conceded the *Guardian*, a newspaper generally more tolerant of the union's excesses, "is the impregnable and unassailable civil law of the land."

Legality aside, the plight of the miners—symbolic, perhaps, of



Archbishop of Canterbury national unity

Britain's labour-rich but obsolete industries—NUT elicits a fair measure of sympathy, not least from the clergy. Interviewed in the *London Times*, Runcie stated that the divisions created by the strike "will take generations to heal." And challenging the government's economic rationale for the pit closures, the Anglican cleric said, "If the human consequences of such cuts are as unrelenting as an unrelenting state, poverty, lawlessness, despair about the future, the objectives must be called into question."

Hopes: Predictably, Runcie's charges, delivered on the eve of the annual Conservative Party conference, drew a swift and ardent response from Tory MPs. "Miners," said Anthony Beaumont, a Tory MP, "are not in public," suggested Nicholas Pimbert. If the archbishop preached Christianity

instead of "Socialism," added Terry Durkin. "Maybe his churches would have more people sitting in them." But senior Conservative politicians were restrained. Observed party chairman John Gummer, "It is perfectly proper for bishops of the Church of England or any other church to comment on public issues. If they don't comment, they are missing out part of their job." But Gummer insisted that Runcie's own logic was flawed. "If you open open economic pits, you drive jobs to those who could otherwise have them, not only in the mines but in the industries that depend on the coal and electricity produced." The pro-government Times agreed, but noted "The fact that Dr Runcie's observations were eloquent does not diminish their potency." Where Thatcher had failed, a Times editorial suggested, was in not supporting the strikers' political ambitions or using viable legal remedies to curb them sooner than she did.

Victories: Ironically, last week's controversy coincided with the most promising development in the long-frustrated efforts to end the dispute. Ian Macleod, the American chairman of the coal board, accepted a mediation proposal—presented by an independent conciliator—that Scargill had already welcomed. Macleod's offer would permit the mediation service to resolve the central issue: the closure of unprofitable mines. Presumably, the coal board had refused to negotiate its right to order shutdowns. Scargill has insisted that only pits no longer considered safe for mining could be closed. Observers speculated that if last week's optimism leads to a settlement, the final agreement would contain language ambiguous enough to allow both sides to claim vindication, if not victory. Conversely, should the talks fail—as they have failed before—both sides are likely to escalate. And that would exert more pressure on Margaret Thatcher's government.

—MICHAEL POOKER

Scargill symbolic plight



Thatcher's war on government leaks

The smoke and rubble in Brighton's Grand Hotel last Friday were only the most visible sign of threats and troubles besetting Margaret Thatcher. Earlier last week, in a case that raised profound legal and ethical questions, London's chief stipendiary magistrate David Hopkins committed Olive Poering, a door bureaucrat, to trial on charges of violating the Official Secrets Act. A former assistant secretary at the Ministry of Defense, Poering, 38, has become the champion of British public servants, acquiring his and civil liberties groups for arguing that his first loyalty is to Parliament and the public, not the government of the day.

Same news. Poering's tribulations began in mid-August, when he leaked two highly secret ministerial memos to Labour MP Tim Dalyell, a persistent Thatcher critic. The documents dealt with the sinking of an Argentine cruiser, the General Belgrano, by the submarine *Conqueror* during the 1982 Falklands War. And they suggested that the government had intended to withhold sensitive information about the Belgrano affair from the House of Commons' foreign affairs committee, which was reviewing the government's conduct of the war. The material implied that Thatcher's war cabinet had issued the orders to sink the Argentine ship, even after the cruiser had shifted course, taking it out of the naval exclusion zone. Siriana had proclaimed around the Falklands. Subsequent memos, however, revealed that the government had not known of the Belgrano's course change until after the *Conqueror*'s torpedoes had been fired.

Poering later explained that before sending the documents to Dalyell, he had unsuccessfully urged his superiors to release the material. But in justification of his conduct he added, "A civil servant must ultimately place his loyal-

ty to Parliament and the public interest above his obligation to the interests of the government of the day." Dismissing the prime minister's cited Poering for breaching the secrecy laws. His prosecution thus revived a new focus for critics of the Official Secrets Act and of the Conservative government.



Poering with wife, Sally, rebelling against official secrecy

ty to Parliament and the public interest above his obligation to the interests of the government of the day." Dismissing the prime minister's cited Poering for breaching the secrecy laws. His prosecution thus revived a new focus for critics of the Official Secrets Act and of the Conservative government.

Many British citizens are calling for reform. Early last month Sir Douglas Hogg, who retired as head of the civil

service last year, agreed to chair a committee of former senior bureaucrats who will advise activists campaigning for "freedom of information." And in September, Conservative MP Jonathan Aitken announced his intention to move a private member's bill in the next parliamentary session in an effort to accelerate the secrecy act's harsher provisions.

Golly Still, the Poering case is only the latest recent instance of civil servants choosing to defy a law that punishes "wrongful communication of information"—regardless of its relevance to security. Last winter 23-year-old Sarah Tisdall, a former British Foreign Office clerk, was found guilty of contravening the Official Secrets Act. Tisdall passed to *The Guardian* newspaper a copy of a memo sent by Defense Secretary Michael Heseltine to Thatcher which revealed the critical data of the first US cruise missile. Yet another incident, involving ex-MI6 mole hunter, Peter Wright, has both offended and embarrassed the government. Convinced about the infiltration of British intelligence services by Soviet spies, Wright voiced his fears on national television this summer. The prime minister did not dispute the truth of the former spyhunter's allegations but did object to his flouting of the secrecy code. Said one disgruntled minister: "All these efforts have signed the Official Secrets Act which binds them for their lives, not just while they are working."

Yet the leaks continue. Since the Thatcher government began its second term 18 months ago, individual government workers have made public classified data from various ministries, including the cabinet office itself. Less dramatic than guerrilla bombs constructed in back rooms and basements, the quiet revolt against secrecy within Whitehall's staidy offices is potentially explosive politically. —**SEYMOUR MCKAY**

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KOALA: Now more business travelers than ever will be coming to Australia. To disturb my peace and quiet.

QANTAS: We're sorry, but...

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QANTAS: Those things do give us a certain advantage.

KOALA: And scheduling your flights out of Sydney so they arrive in L.A. in the morning. Does that give you an advantage, too?

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QANTAS: Yes. Served on real china and crystal. And you forgot the complimentary in-flight entertainment.

KOALA: This is getting unbearable. Do you have anything else up your sleeve?

QANTAS: Hmm. No, I don't believe we do.

KOALA: That's good.

QANTAS: Wait a moment. Did I mention the increased baggage allowance for our Business Class passengers?

KOALA: I hate Qantas.



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The Acropolis gleaming over smoggy Athens: Papandreou, after three years in office, a modern Greek champion of complacency

GREECE

Papandreou's delicate balancing act

By Susan Spencer

When the sun is hot, the Parthenon stands shrouded in a shroud of pink-leaves haze. Downtown, the streets echo the frustration of Athens' motorists, snarled in city-long traffic jams. The economy sputters. Labor is idle, businesses are nervous. Those on the political right contend that Greece is anti-American. Leftists argue that Greece is not anti-American enough. Indeed, this week, as Prime Minister Andreas Papandreou celebrates his third anniversary in office, the modern Greek chorus of complacency is loud and growing louder. Within the last month alone Papandreou has offered factions of his own Panklirion Socialist Movement (P.S.M.), the ministerial conservative opposition and several foreign governments. Noted the Greek magazine, *36 Days*: "The volcano continues to smolder."

Papandreou, 66, a Harvard-trained economist who taught at Toronto's York University and at the Berkeley campus of the University of California, came to power in 1981 promising dramatic reform of foreign and domestic policies. His campaign platform included withdrawal from both the North Atlantic

Treaty Organization and the European Community, as well as creation of a national health care system and a streamlined public service. But Papandreou's record has often fallen short of his declared objectives. Despite his campaign pledges Greece remains a member of both NATO and the EC. Pap's U.S. military bases, which Papandreou once called "bases of death" and vowed to remove, remain intact. Nor has the bureaucracy been trimmed. The Greek civil service, declared John Rizzo, an ambassador to Athens, is "telephonic and aristocratic."

At the same time, Papandreou's muted managerial skills have not been capable of improving the economy. Profits are falling, and investments are at a standstill, said Leon Melas, an expert on olive oil. "If we knew what the government's policy was, we could act accordingly. But they do not tell us. And when they do, they are likely to change their mind."

In fact, while inflation has dropped by 29 per cent, unemployment has doubled since Papandreou's election, and most of Greece's \$20,000 construction and craft workers spent only two days a week on the job. The strong American dollar has also hurt the economy. Last month the



dollar climbed to 150 drachmas from 114 on foreign currency markets. The cost to Greece in foreign purchasing power is 55 billion drachmas.

As a new member, Greece has proven to be a difficult alliance partner. It has consistently opposed NATO's arms buildup and objected to NATO announcements criticizing the Soviet Union. Within Western military councils Greece is often referred to as "the satellite"—a pejorative reference to Greek-sponsored forces of dissent. In recent weeks Papandreou has boycotted NATO military exercises, withheld a \$1-billion trade agreement with Tokyo leader Col. Masamune Kikuchi and accused Washington of using Korea's Air Lines Flight 007—that downed last September by the Soviet Union with 269 people aboard—to spy on Soviet military installations. As a result, Papandreou's groups have found themselves frozen out of sensitive NATO discussions.

Papandreou's supporters offer a more delicate act as record. They applaud a comprehensive five-day law that legalized civil marriage and awarded equal rights to women. The trade union movement has been liberalized and socialist ones in rural areas upgraded. And some solutions, Papandreou's lay-

often insist, are probably beyond the grasp of any government—most notably, the policies that borders over the capital's four million residents. Noted Papandreou himself: "The achievement of these goals is not feasible in one, two or three years because the problems we face are structural and deep-seated."

On foreign policy the prime minister's defense plays well to his Socialist supporters and to Communist party allies in the Greek legislature. His hard line toward Turkey, particularly over the status of Greek-controlled islands in the Aegean, is well received domestically. "Someone has to say that Greece belongs to us," said Solonika dressmaker Theodora Iliopoulou. "Papandreou might say one thing and do another—like keeping the U.S. bases—but that's just politics." Indeed, last week, while the prime minister was denouncing the Americans as alleged sponsors of civilian jet terrorism, he also agreed to accept NATO's embargo waiver and missile system (AWACS) aircraft for patrol of the island's southwestern flank. The reality, said U.S. Senate staffer Christine Taylor, is that "to stay in power Papandreou has to make anti-American noises. At the same time, Greece can't survive without U.S. aid. It's between a rock and a hard place."

Other observers contend that Papandreou's outbursts are not merely tactical but motivated by genuine resentment of the West for supporting the autocratic Greek military dictatorship (1967-1974) and supporting Greece's traditional enemy, Turkey. "I've been as a terribly feeble and uneducated man, very much influenced by pressure," said Ottawa University professor Dimitris Katsikas. "The reality between what he says and he believes the strength of character to carry out his goals."

With Papandreou's five-year term expiring next year, Washington is already looking for a replacement of criticism from Athens. Experts predict a close election, with the New Democracy party, led by former foreign minister Constantinos Mitsotakis, 66, expected to mount a strong challenge. The two men are enemies of long standing. In 1968 it was Mitsotakis' defiance from a government, led by the prime minister's father, George Papandreu, that led to its collapse and the military's takeover. Indeed, the prime minister this month called Mitsotakis an *Ephemeris*—the name of the traitor who helped Persia conquer Thermopylae in 480 B.C. As Papandreou entered his fourth year, his cabinet members seemed likely to render the Greek political climate as pressurized as it is embittered.

With William Lendler in Washington, Nancy Maclean in Ottawa and Jacqueline Harris in Toronto

EUROPE

The search for a fatherland

The ornate Lohkowitz Palace in the heart of old Prague has weathered these centuries of history but it has never before served as a refugee camp. The once-majestic baroque building now West Germany's embassy in Czechoslovakia, last week housed an estimated 140 fugitives from neighboring East Germany who sought permission to move to the West. The action by the East Germans, who arrived in Prague posing as tourists, prompted the

when 40 East Germans entered the embassy and asked to join more than 30,000 of their countrymen who have emigrated legally to West Germany so far this year. Then, more would-be refugees arrived, many of them seeking a high-altitude at the rear of the palace. They were attempting to duplicate the success of other East Germans who occupied West Germany and U.S. establishments earlier this year, including the Soviet of East Germany's Ministry of the Interior. With this, in that most recent the refugees won East Berlin's approval to emigrate.



Lohkowitz Palace: housing an embassy for no last

West German authorities to close the embassy offices and shelter the visitors. Embassy officials provided food and makeshift beds. But as an asylum claim set in over Prague, the prospects for an immediate settlement of these 140 also began to cool. Negotiations between East and West German officials ended because of East Berlin's adamant demand that the refugees be sent home. Communist officials declared that the embassy occupation could result in a halt to all legal emigration of its citizens to the West.

Officials in Bonn were embarrassed by the incident but were anxious to provide a suitable solution. East German government spokesman Ludwig Beilmann said: "We're seeking our losses but so far I cannot see how we shall get out of this situation." The occupation began Oct. 1,

would take children from their parents and put them in orphan homes.

The episode also threatened to hasten a deterioration in relations between the two Germanys at a sensitive time. After gradual improvement East Berlin has been drawing back from its rapprochement with Bonn recently, calling off a scheduled Glasnost visit to West Germany, apparently under instructions from the Soviet Union. To officials in Bonn the East German leaders have clearly signalled their continuing loyalty to the Eastern Bloc. Still, West German officials said they remain hopeful that agreements on so-called human contacts can be salvaged, including liberalized rules for emigration. But these ambitions hinge on a deft diplomatic solution to the Prague asylum episode. —PETER LEWIS in Brussels



Bush and Mondale: Is the president too old to survive another four years?

THE UNITED STATES

A question of public image

In New York, Geraldine Ferraro huddled for two days with her media consultants to install her fresh style in vice-presidential discussions. The Democratic candidate's advisors counseled her to soften her thick Queens accent, abandon her penchant for harsh one-liners and modulate her staccato delivery. In Washington aides to George Bush went through a reverse but no less elaborate refining process, urging the vice-president to calibrate his dry approach with a new, mellower follow-up. The results were often dramatic during the 56-minute debate in Philadelphia last week. Chastising repeatedly over foreign policy questions, Ferraro was firm but low-key while Bush was more combative than usual. And both camps emerged from the encounter satisfied that their tactics had worked. Still, polls taken after the debate suggested that while Ferraro had made a game showing, the vice-president claimed a narrow victory.

Paradoxically, Bush's positive ratings came only four nights after the indifferent performance of President Ronald Reagan in his debate against Democrat Walter Mondale on Oct. 7 in Louisville, Ky. The Republican campaign needed the boost in a political season when the televised debate had once again become the pivotal factor in Reagan's bid for a second term. Indeed, the second and

final Reagan-Mondale debate in Kansas City later this week loomed as Reagan's most crucial test. Facing the prospect of 90 minutes devoted to foreign policy—the weakest part in the administration's record—the president had to repair a major crack in his image. What the pundits have dubbed the “barney neck” disaster begs the question: at 55, is Ronald Reagan too old to sustain another four years in the White House?

Critiques of Reagan's often incoherent Louisville showing were as common as that by week's end, White House aides stopped denying his poor performance and tried to capitalize on it. They characterized the president as a victim of his own overexaggeration and, looking ahead to the Oct. 21 encounter, attempted to portray him as the sensible underdog. For Mondale, the final showdown would test his ability to maintain the momentum of his debate success. But Reagan faced even greater pressure. Said Jeffrey Mervis, assistant professor of political science at the University of Pennsylvania: “The single most important issue of the campaign has become the

vulnerability of the president.” Ironically, it was *The Wall Street Journal*, a cultural boulevardier of Reagan, that reignited the age debate last week. In a front-page article a gerontologist said that at age 55, “10 per cent of people suffer from significant mental impairment—senile dementia, or senility.” The subsequent deluge of similar stories brought swift denials that Reagan had faltered. White House advisors issued liberally detailed reports of the president's spring medical examination. Reagan, referring to Mondale, declared, “If I had as much makeup as he did, I'd have looked younger too.” Retorted Mondale: “Mr. President, the problem isn't the makeup on the face, it's the makeup on those sinners that give you a problem.”

The Democratic camp was plainly elated by last week's developments. Both Mondale and Ferraro had carefully left the age issue to caricatures and party leaders. As new volunteer and campaign contributions suddenly poured into Democratic headquarters, Mondale exulted: “This is a brand-new race. From now on everything is wide open.”

The range changes of all four candidates during the televised face-off raised the question of just how much debate reveals about the human beings behind the media facade. *The New York Times*' veteran columnist, James Henton, suggested that what the debate wroughted “was not to expose Reagan's age, which everybody knew, but to expose his mind. That is what has been covered up in the past four years.” Certainly, as the president prepared for what may well be the most challenging performance of his career, voters could see he blossomed for wondering, as Walter Mondale aptly did on the campaign trail last week, which Ronald Reagan they would see next. In the first match-up, the president looked nervous and was uncharacteristically, seemingly betrayed by his long-time ally, the television news.

Still, it was not clear whether public perceptions of either candidate had changed significantly. And it was equally doubtful that any shift would translate into a reversal of voting intentions by election day. Nov. 6. Indeed, despite general agreement that Mondale had bested Reagan in their first televised debate, by week's end he had managed to whittle only three percentage points from the president's 38-point lead in the polls.

—MARIO McDONALD in Philadelphia

Ferraro: harried over-liner



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Lee Hsien, a new career

Lee Hsien Loeng, eldest son of Singapore's scholarly prime minister, Lee Kuan Yew, is an all-around star. At 32, he is an accomplished linguist, a nuclear physicist and, until recently, a brilliant general, ranking second in the national army. Last week, Lee was busy with his newest career—political—amid speculation that he will ultimately succeed his father.

In elections scheduled for December, Lee will run for his legislature under the banner of the People's Action Party, which has dominated every Singapore vote since the island state gained nominal autonomy from Britain in 1959 and full independence in 1965. Last week, asking voters to judge him on his own merits, Lee denied any attempt to fudge his identity that his father, 61, has ruled for 25 years and within Singapore's small circle of political insiders the son is affectionately known as Lee Cline Yew.

Attacking rebel priests

Pope John Paul II wasted no time confronting the most important theme on the agenda of his whirlwind, two-day Caribbean tour last week. Shortly after arriving at Santo Domingo's Airport of the Americas in the Dominican Republic, the pontiff launched an attack on "liberation theology." Derived from the teachings of Karl Marx, the doctrine has gained increasing support among the Roman Catholic Church's Latin American clergy. At 34, the pope, the doctrine was granted to use political force to improve the lives of the poor and the oppressed. The Pope, a stern critic of the movement and a strong anti-Communist, views its radical approach to social problems as a direct challenge to church unity and authority. Indeed, the Vatican has repeatedly ordered its dissenting members of the Catholic clergy in Nicaragua to resign their posts in the country's left-wing Sandinista government. So far, the rebels have refused. John Paul's blunt remarks followed a decision last month by the Vatican's chief antirebel body, the Secret Congregation of the Doctrine of the Faith, to label the movement a "false theology" and to order priests to reject Marxism in their efforts to cure for the world's poor and oppressed. The superpower counseled the church body yet to account for its past co-operation with ruling oligarchies in Latin America. And last week there was no indication that the rebel priests were about to recant.

Hawke's soaring star

According to opinion surveys, Robert Hawke is the most popular Australian prime minister in 25 years. Last week, only 11 months into his three-year term, the 54-year-old Labor party leader decided to test that rating at the ballot box. On Dec. 1, Australians will vote for a 148-seat lower House of Representatives and half of the 76 seats in the Senate. According to opinion polls, the election should be a Hawke landslide. Some 55 per cent of voters favor Labor, compared to 22 per cent for the opposition Liberal and

National party coalitions. And Hawke's personal standing—favored by 66 per cent—edges Opposition Leader Andrew Peacock's 42-per-cent rating. Those numbers signal the clear favoritism of an attempt by Peacock to link Hawke indirectly to drug trafficking and organized crime. His charges, unsubstantiated, led to a dramatic press conference last month at which the prime minister broke down and wept—the result, it was later explained, of the fact that one of Hawke's daughters was addicted to heroin. Hawke will campaign on the government's economic record: lower levels of inflation and unemployment and an eight-per-cent surge in the economy's growth. The opposition is depending on a royal commission report on organized crime to implicate Labor politicians—an aspiration which Hawke's party says is unlikely to be fulfilled.

Showdown at La Palma

There are few points on which El Salvador's polarized political factions agree. But they do share one view: José Napoleón Duarte has a penchant for theatrical gestures. Last week, the moderate Salvadoran president announced what he later revealed was "an audacious act." In an address to the United Nations General Assembly, Duarte formally invited leaders of El Salvador's left-wing guerrilla groups to peace talks, scheduled for early this week. Whether guns or either side, Duarte proposed to meet leaders of the Frente Unido Martí de Liberación Nacional (FULM) in the rebel-controlled town of La Palma, 72 km north of San Salvador. Wary but willing, the rebels accepted the extraordinary invitation. Despite reservations, the powerful El Salvador military also consented to the summit, so did right-wing political leader Roberto d'Aubuisson. In Washington, Reagan administration officials saluted Duarte's bold bid for peace—the first in a five-year civil war that has claimed an estimated 50,000 lives. But for Duarte, the venture is a high-stakes political gamble. The talks, he insisted last week, were not about power-sharing, the mutual objective of the FULM insurgents. As a result, he has the president is likely to achieve in the start of an extended dialogue with the rebels. The worst would be the swift erosion of Duarte's political capital, and another crisis of leadership in El Salvador.

Storm in the Bahamas



Pindling scandalized

A climate of scandal befitted the sunny Bahamas last week and the removal of Prime Minister Sir Lynden Pindling. Following investigations into corruption and drug smuggling in the voting of Atlantic islands, three cabinet ministers resigned, including the deputy prime minister, Arthur Blount. Two others were dismissed. Testimony taken by a Pindling-appointed royal commission—which has still not issued its final report—linked cabinet members and Pindling himself to drug dealers. The inquiry was set up last December after a U.S. satellite network alleged that Bahamian government ministers took bribes from drug lords who use the islands as transshipment points from Colombia to the United States. Despite the storm, Pindling confidently predicted the return of the five ministers to the cabinet "in the not-so-distant future."



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"How can we get Canada going again? A major impetus could be an orderly energy resource development strategy."

John Stoik

President and Chief Executive Officer, Gulf Canada Limited

Most Canadians seem to agree that a national industrial strategy would help us to sustain economic recovery and help us plan realistically and constructively for a world beyond economic recovery.

But other than agreeing that we want less unemployment, more productivity, a Canadian high technology industry - and that we never again want to relive the last few years - there are many different views of what that strategy should be.

While we ponder the problem, we keep missing opportunities to realize our potential - a potential as great as or greater than that of almost any other industrialized nation.

One step toward an industrial strategy that would sooner or later benefit a majority of Canadians, should be the orderly, long-term development of our tremendous energy resources - particularly oil and natural gas.

However, implementing such a strategy would mean changing some of the rules of the energy resource game - or at least having a game in which the rules don't change half way through the season.



John Stoik

What Canadians want most right now is jobs.

And labour and industry alike desire higher productivity.

One widely-discussed route to these goals is to stimulate new industries such as high technology.

We support this idea.

But Gulf Canada believes that to develop new opportunities we need strength and growth in the traditional industries upon which much of our economy is built. These have been, and will be for generations, the basic Canadian strengths. They are major users of high technology. They could be bigger users.

The opportunity

Canada has an enormous supply of oil and gas, resources that people at home and abroad will need and use well beyond the year 2000, despite the growth of alternate energy sources.

Exports - not just of crude oil and natural gas, but of finished products - would create jobs and provide valuable foreign exchange.

In the meantime, exploration and development of these resources generates jobs in hundreds of manufacturing and service industries across Canada.

Where high technology is concerned, the petroleum industry

spends millions of dollars on electronic equipment, computers and other "high tech" products.

The petroleum industry can provide a major impetus to the Canadian economy. But to maximize the opportunity, we need sensible policies that we can depend upon.

Such policies would have an impact far beyond the immediate and obvious benefits. They would, for instance, send a signal to the international investment community that foreign investment is welcome and needed in Canada.

And the sooner and more clearly this signal is sent, the better for all of us.



Canada's oil sands deposits may make us the most petroleum rich country in the world. Unfortunately, the cost of extracting oil from these stubborn deposits is high. New technology must be developed to make these vast reserves available. The investments needed are in the billions. Yet if our governments can give encouragement to industry today, the oil sands can be a source of future wealth that can put Canada in the forefront of oil-producing nations.

What do we need to do?

Gulf Canada suggests the following policy measures:

1. The indisputable benefits of Canadian oil and gas resource development must be recognized - benefits such as security of supply and the opportunity to develop export markets. A commitment now to oil and gas development will help sustain economic recovery.

2. Canada should take advantage of the decline in international prices to move to world prices for all its domestic oil production.

3. The National Energy Program must be reviewed.

To quote from a study published by the non-partisan C.D. Howe Institute:

"The NEP was introduced to Canadians as a solution to the nation's energy problems. It promised to unite Canadians and to make them prosper ... the

NEP has proven to be a major disappointment. New energy challenges are emerging that are quite different from those the NEP was designed to deal with. A reassessment of Canada's energy objectives is already overdue.

As a start, Gulf Canada recommends the following measures:

- Eliminate the discriminatory aspects of the Petroleum Incentive Payments (PIP) and introduce an exploration incentive system that treats companies equitably.
- Eliminate the back-in provision that allows the Federal Government to claim, retroactively, 25 percent of discoveries - including Hibernia, discovered before the introduction of the National Energy Program.
- Stimulate industry activity - and thus job creation - by taking less money out of the

industry. Under the current system, money that could be going toward finding and developing new petroleum energy is taxed away before we have a chance to reinvest it. We suggest that the fiscal regime be modified to give the industry a chance to make a greater contribution to Canada's economic recovery.

The need for consultation

Gulf Canada contends that many of the policies that contributed to our recent economic woes were the product of confrontation instead of consultation.

To maintain economic recovery - and to plan realistically and constructively for a world beyond economic recovery - we must foster genuine co-operation among business, government and labour.

To that end, Gulf Canada has proposed new approaches to tripartite consultation. Without such genuine consultation, we may be doomed to go on spinning our wheels, missing opportunities and - at worst - reliving the experience of the last few years.

Our thoughts on these and other subjects were summarized in our submission to the Macdonald Royal Commission on the Economic Union and Development Prospects for Canada.

If you would like a copy, write to:

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K-tel's battle with the banks



Shoppers perusing K-tel records, demanding creditors, losing ventures and bankruptcy court

By Roger Newman

Phillip Kries, the blase-looking president of K-tel International Inc., is unconcerned to financial setbacks. Since founding the Winnipeg-based mass merchandising firm in 1969, 54-year-old Kries has built it into a worldwide empire, best-known for the beach, high-value television commercials it uses to sell everything from records to kitchen gadgets and videogames. But last week Kries, a former door-to-door gadget salesman, showed no trace of the lawyers that helped make K-tel a household name in 28 countries. Four U.S. banks forced K-tel's Minneapolis-based U.S. operation to file for reorganization on Oct. 5 under U.S. bankruptcy laws when they demanded payment of loans and advances totaling \$12 million. Still, Kries is determined that K-tel will survive. Said the firm's president: "I am a survivor and a survivor I will come through this."

The bankruptcy filing in the United States protects K-tel from creditors' lawsuits while it tries to reorganize and find a way to repay its debts. The United States is the firm's largest market, accounting for half of its total \$44-million 1984 sales. But disastrous new ventures in direct marketing and in the oil

and gas business there helped to turn K-tel's worldwide \$5-million profit in 1981 into a large, \$22.9-million loss in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1984. Now, Kries says that the firm must concentrate its U.S. operations and concentrate on music products and other forms of consumer entertainment. He admits, "We believe the root of our operation—the consumer entertainment market—still represents a sound business."

One of K-tel's most costly moves in the United States was its November, 1982, purchase of Candeline Marketing Inc., a Norville, N.J.-based company that sold records and tapes by mail order. According to Kries, K-tel was not aware of the true state of Candeline's finances when it made the purchase. Last year Candeline lost \$15.9 million, forcing K-tel to shut the company down.

At the same time, K-tel's entry into joint-venture ventures in the U.S. oil and gas business has also harmed its bal-

ance sheet. In the late 1970s K-tel began investing in oil and gas in a number of states, including the Anadarko basin of Oklahoma and, to a lesser extent, in Alberta. But as a result of the worldwide slump in oil and gas prices, K-tel has consequently lost money on the energy interests.

With losses last year alone totaling \$7.8 million, Kries told *Musiweek*'s last week that he intends to begin selling off his company's oil and gas holdings.

K-tel's U.S. investments ventures only worsened the effects of a downturn in other divisions of the company.

The company's usually strong consumer entertainment division, which includes records, video

and home computer software, lost \$6 million in fiscal 1984 compared with a \$4.1-million profit in 1983. Analysts say that the main reason for the loss was the company's late-1983 entry into the videogame market, which was already faltering.

For his part, Kries, who owns about 70 per cent of K-tel's shares along with other members of his family, insists that the company will recover. A former boy from Hoffer, Sask., he began his career as an entrepreneur in the late 1950s when he started vacuum cleaners and sewing machines, farm-to-farm in Western Canada. Later, during the early 1960s, he recalls that he had to "fight for a living" selling kitchen appliances to housewives in the small towns of the prairie. He moved to the beachfront in Atlantic City, N.J. during that time. He concluded that he could sell a lot more gadgets if he were better known in thousands of potential customers on television rather than to a group of 20 people. To that end, he returned to Winnipeg in 1969, found-

Kries' assembler



ed K-tel and began using high-priced hard-sell television commercials to market such gimmicky household products as the Vap-o-Matic, the Feather-touch keds and the Miracle Brush. The formula worked so well that K-tel has so far sold 25 million Miracle Brushes—used to remove lint from upholstery and clothing—around the world.

In 1980 Kries transferred his formula to the music business. He began buying up trucks of pressed hit records, negotiating them into albums and then promoting them heavily on radio and television. In the 1980s K-tel also began selling hit albums featuring original music, including *Shocked on Grams*, *Hooked on Speed* and *After-Pay*. By spending heavily on commercials—almost \$80 million annually since 1980—K-tel has sold nearly 300 million albums worldwide in the past decade alone. The push years for K-tel's total earnings were 1980 and 1981, when it achieved successive \$5-million profits. But by 1983 profits had shrunk to \$2.3 million before the company lost \$4 million in 1982 and \$3.2 million last year.

For his part, Kries is unhappy about the way he was treated by the four U.S. banks that demanded payment of their loans. According to Kries, the banks had \$12 million on deposit in the company. But when the banks realized the loans they froze funds on deposit, depriving K-tel of its cash flow. Kries said that the banks called the loans in order to preserve his wife personally guaranteeing them. Said Kries: "They are experts in the field. The Canadian bankers are angels compared to the Americans." Kries refused to give in to the pressure and filed for protection under Chapter 11 of U.S. bankruptcy laws.

Under the filing K-tel has at least six months to present its debt repayment plan for its operations to bankruptcy court officials in St. Paul. Analysts say that the road back to financial health will be a difficult one because K-tel, while strong at marketing, has been weak on innovation, arriving too late in the market to sell many of its new lines of home entertainment. Said Michael Hilsenrath, an analyst with the Minneapolis-based investment firm Piper Jaffrey and Hoagwood: "They got into the market just when it had peaked." But Kries has faced adversity before and intends to apply the tenacity that he developed selling goods to "a tough element of people" on the beachfront in Atlantic City. N.J. during that time. He concluded that he could sell a lot more gadgets if he were better known in thousands of potential customers on television rather than to a group of 20 people. To that end, he returned to Winnipeg in 1969, found-

With Robert Scott in Toronto.

Candy with a deadly taste

Glancing down rows of food products in the Daieiwa Food Co.-supermarket in Osaka, Japan, last week, a stranger noticed an unusual item on the spaghetti shelf—a 20-cent chocolate bar, a chocolate wafer. Picking it up, the stranger thrust a paper taped on one side with the typed message: "Poisoned. Danger! If you eat this you will die. From the 21-faced monster." Police investigators later discovered that the wafer—as well as 12 other packages of candy products on store shelves in northern and central Japan—contained a lethal dose of sodium cyanide poison. The discovery of the poisoned foods—all made by Japan's

Waco sent letters to newspapers and television stations claiming that it had found 20 poisoned candy packages in stores. The criminals added that "hundreds more" deadly packages—this time unmarked—would be distributed if Monagawa did not meet their demands.

Police said that the same gang is responsible for an extortion attempt in March on Japan's third-largest confectionery company, Daikoku-based Kikkou Ghou (the firm is the nation's largest candy company, Kikkou). In the not-so-quiet kidnapping of the night of March 21, two masked men burst into the home of Ghou president Katsuhisa Kikkou and dragged him out of his bath. The next



A Japanese store crisscrossed with extortion attempts, poison and a 21-faced monster

most-larger confectionery firm, Tokyo-based Morinaga Co.—created a mood of near-panic among Japanese shoppers. Then, more than 1,500 supermarkets swiftly removed Morinaga products from their shelves, and police searched in vain for leads on who carried out the monstrous crime.

The police said that the products were poisoned as part of an extortion scheme against Morinaga. They added that the shadowy group claiming responsibility, "The Man with 21 Faces," taken its name from a popular 1960s Japanese children's television series in which a 21-faced monster won the millions in phone calls and letters in September, the group threatened to poison Morinaga candy unless the firm paid it \$200,000 in cash. The company refused, and last week the gang placed the candy marked "poison" on store shelves. At the same time, 21

day the group, using its cryptic name for the first time, demanded a ransom of more than \$4 million in cash and 500 kilos of gold bullion. The firm refused the demands, and three days later the president was swept from a shed in suburban Osaka. In retaliation the extortionists threatened to put deadly cyanide in company products. The entire country's candy manufacturers are now on edge, fearing products from their shelves and severely damaging Ghou's earnings.

In the current campaign against Morinaga, on one hand, iters posted candy. Morinaga is now refused to meet the group's demands. The company can only hope that the offer does not have the same deadly results as a similar crime in 1982 in Chicago in a still-unresolved tragedy, seven people died after consuming cyanide-laced Tylenol. —PETER BRIGGS in Tokyo

Mini-tub emergency #17.



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The growing allure of T-bills

I t was a major escalation in the battle between banks and brokerages firms for the savings of Canadians. In an attempt to attract clients' money away from bank savings accounts and term deposits, brokers recently started offering Bank of Canada treasury bills—a form of short-term bond—with returns that the banks cannot match. Then, the first indicators pointed to a runaway success. And that development has only intensified a rivalry for investment dollars that has traditionally pitted bankers against brokers. Said Jim Dejak, chief money market trader for Wood Gundy Ltd. in Toronto: "The name of the game is capture the money. If the banks say they will give you 10 per cent and we say we will give you 11.5, where do you think investors will go?"

The Bank of Canada offers the treasury bills (T-bills) to the public in order to raise money for the federal government. In an average week it sells more than \$2.5 billion worth of T-bills to the nearly 100 investors, dealers and banks on its list of primary distributors of government securities. They, in turn, offer the bills to their customers at competitive rates. Traditionally, those customers have been major institutions—corporations, trust companies, banks

and insurance companies—willing to spend a minimum of \$100,000. But while bankers continue to concentrate on major institutional buyers, brokers across the country began aggressive marketing campaigns early this year to attract first-time, small investors with as little as \$1,000 to \$5,000 to spend. The interest paid on the T-bills varies from dealer to dealer in the range of approximately 11 to 12 per cent. The investor might pay \$970 for a \$1,000 T-bill that matures in three months. On an annual basis that would amount to 12 per cent on the investment.

The brokers make little, if any, profit on T-bill sales. But the investment firms say that when a customer abandons the bank or trust company where he usually conducts his financial business, he can probably be persuaded to channel funds into other, more lucrative investment services offered by the firm. Said John Bates, an investment executive with the Toronto-based investment firm McLeod Young Weir Ltd. "As far as I am concerned, the bills are a loss leader. It is worth it to me to do them for free."

The campaign to bring the bills to the public's attention—and the public to the brokers' doorsteps—has been a resounding success. On Aug. 22 the total

value of treasury bills to the public's hands exceeded the value of outstanding Canada Savings Bonds (\$780)—and mostly by banks—for the first time. Last week the public held T-bills worth \$28.5 billion, up from \$22.3 billion at the end of last year. By comparison, the total value of CMBs outstanding has dropped to \$24 billion from nearly \$40 billion at the end of 1983.

Bank and trust company officials are outraged by what they contend is a government effort to ease money at their expense. Although they also make treasury bills available to their customers, it is not in their interest to compete with the brokerage houses. Said Toronto Dominion executive vice-president Charles Butler: "Our customers would simply take the money to lay them from their savings account and we would be left competing with ourselves." Brokers claim that the attempts by the brokerage houses is a result of government upsurge or desperation. Declared Butler: "The deficit takes a lot of financing. If the government drains off people's savings from the banks to pay for it, then we are looking at a major change in the way financial institutions operate in this country." If that change takes place, the brokerage firms have scored a major victory in their battle with their larger financial cousins.

—ANN FLETCHER

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Cashing in on a \$5-billion deal

Thomas Kiernan, the president of the Toronto-based investment firm McLeod Young Weir Ltd., was ebullient. After eight months of intense negotiations, Kiernan announced last week that his brokerage firm had won tentative approval from the British government to participate in the largest share sale in history—the sale to the public next month of 18.1 per cent of British Telecom, the \$10-billion, state-owned telecommunications giant. British authorities are expected to announce in the next few weeks that they will market the enormous \$5-billion issue internationally, as well as in Britain, and they want Kiernan's firm to take the lead in selling about \$200 million worth of shares in Canada. Describing the dimensions of the U.K. government's plan, Kiernan declared, "It is enormous. It is the largest share offering ever, anywhere."

Experts on both sides of the Atlantic agree that the British government is convinced that it must enlist the help of American, Japanese and Canadian investment firms in selling shares of the phone giant to private investors because of the sheer size of the transaction. Kiernan pointed out that the Telecom issue will eclipse the total value of all

the shares issued by British corporations annually. Said Kiernan, "It is more than all the equity raised in Britain in any one year."

For Kiernan, the chance to participate in the sale is a hard-earned victory. He said that he and other McLeod Young Weir associates spent the past eight months flying on a "constant shuttle" between Toronto and London, where they lobbied government officials and British Telecom executives for the right to sell the shares in Canada. The efforts paid off this month when the British asked McLeod Young Weir to lead an underwriting group of Canadian firms that will sell the shares outright, then sell them at a profit to investors. The group includes Canada's largest brokerage firm, Desautels Securities Piffield, and the second-largest firm, Wood Gundy Ltd., in addition to McLeod Young Weir, which is roughly tied with Borealis Ltd. as the third-largest company. As the lead underwriter, McLeod Young Weir is entitled to a larger portion of the shares—and the profits from their sale.

For the British government of Margaret Thatcher, the sale of the telecommunications conglomerate is the most dramatic step yet in its effort to refo-

rm several huge state-owned corporations by placing them in private sector hands. Since taking power in 1979, Thatcher has sold off its control of such energy giants as British Petroleum and British as well as interests in British Aerospace and Jaguar. But the sale of British Telecom will raise more money for government coffers than all these previous sales combined.

For the Canadian firms involved, the opportunity to cash in on the sale arises at a critical time. Canada's prominent homes have suffered losses and declining profits this year as a result of sluggish stock market activity. Kiernan would not reveal McLeod Young Weir's earnings but he conceded that 1984 has been "a very, very bad year" in which profits dropped from a record level in 1983 to a "little bit of money" for the fiscal year ended Sept. 30, 1984.

But Kiernan added that there is another important advantage. Capital markets are becoming increasingly internationalized, he said, with more and more stocks of companies from around the world trading on the major New York, London and Tokyo exchanges. "Canada," he said, "has to be a part of it. Our investors must be involved with international stocks." The British Telecom sale offers a chance that Canadian firms cannot afford to lose.

—JAMES FLEMING

BUSINESS WATCH

A prophet of inspiration and vision

By Peter C. Newman

Watching a preview of Stephanie McLehane's masterful television documentary, *Michael: The Man and His Message* (Nov. 18, 8 p.m.), I was reminded of my own all too rare but hilarious lunches with her father. We would meet on odd occasions at out-of-the-way restaurants near St. Michael's College, where he taught English for 35 years, and talk merrily about Canada and his awfully distinctive view of our ethnic diversity.

He was an avid Canadian nationalist, not because he was that enthusiastic about homogeneous culture but because he saw being Canadian as an escape. "Canada," he would lecture, "is the place where the new line for the rest of the world. We have the situation of relatively small involvement in the big headlines. The Canadian has freedom of comment, a kind of playful awareness of issues that is unknown to, say, Paris or London or New York. When you have a little time to breathe, to think and to feel. It's because Canadians are protected from considering themselves by layers of colonialism. I'm trying to alert them to the dangers of the 20th century as they can duck out."

He was always interested in what the politicians were up to and once suggested that Richard Nixon should give sideburns so that he wouldn't have to go on tv "just his bare face hanging out." And he insisted that Pierre Trudeau must be at least 80 per cent Indian because nobody could penetrate his official mask. Said McLehane: "Pierre has no personal judgment but he is always interpreting the whole process that he's involved in. So that he will hide down a basement or hope, off a corner, it's not really a way of expressing what it feels like to be Trudeau—it's trying to express what sort of a hell of a hang-up he's in. He'll do anything to snap the tension."

McLehane was very concerned about Quebec's future, particularly after the invasion of the War Measures Act in 1970, because he felt that French Canadians would eventually drop out of Confederation. "I wandered during the debate on the War Measures Act if it would be possible to turn radio off in Quebec and just leave on the tv. Radio is hot stuff for such people as the French Canadians. It appeals to the ear, which is tribal culture in its innocent sense, so it's like firewater to an Indian. It

drives them mad. English Canadians are not nearly as prone to getting excited by radio because they have a much bigger backlog of literary and musical culture to protect them and intervene against the ear."

McLehane was, as the above quotes may indicate, a Canadian of the first rank, and inevitably the first 30 minutes of our meetings were taken up with humorous anecdotes, such as his story about the Best who comes on the scene of a motor crash. The segment was long

enough with year fly open. It confuses my students. They know very well that if they see it anywhere on their screen it's going to be held against them. I warn them away to quote me. Some of my fellow academics are very hostile and sympathetic with them. They've been asking for 500 years and they don't like anybody who comes along and stirs them up."

Even though he had done a lifetime of often—and had done temporarily to a university and private-sector media, he was a member of the New York's Fordham University—he always came back. "I experience a great deal of freedom here in Toronto that I wouldn't get in the States because they take me seriously there. The fact that Canadians don't see me seriously is a huge advantage. It makes me a free man."

The new documentary on McLehane addresses itself to both the serious and light-hearted sides of the man whose delicate ideas gradually altered the way we see ourselves. His most famous remark ("The medium is the message") finally becomes comprehensible as Stephanie McLehane's guests document how the media (a term, incidentally, that McLehane invented) are never neutral but become parts of the delivered communication. The tv show also explores the core and the suburb of McLehane's global village, which has made an all interdependence—so that we live within a sort of Ann Lamott column with large. The best tribute with one-liners such as the Greek and Zoroastrian to follow god, "Narcissus, watch yourself!"

A compulsive creator of metaphors, McLehane and his monumental influence on contemporary culture will probably not be measurable for another generation. But a more definitive assessment comes along, Stephanie McLehane's compelling hour of television will have to serve as a fascinating revelation for a Canadian whose worth we never learned fully to appreciate.

For me, the most moving moment of the tv show—which features such media moguls as Tom Wolfe, Norman Mailer and Woody Allen—is the simple confession of faith from Tom Cooper, one of McLehane's former university students. Said Cooper: "His genuine openness to his ability to see us over is having not only a larger perspective but a greater passion for the pursuit of truth. He may not have given us truth, but he gave us a greater passion for the urge to find it."



McLehane: "Radio is hot stuff"

THE 1985 CHEVY CELEBRITY EUROSPORT.

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A winning Canadian pioneer in space

By Patricia Hlczky

More Garneau's first four days in orbit aboard the space shuttle Challenger were all business. Canada's first astronaut, a 35-year-old Quebec-born naval commander, sent only terse messages filled with scientific data to Mission's mission control as he reported his progress with 18 Canadian experiments. Indeed, Garneau was kept so busy with his work that he was two days late in wishing his wife, Jacqueline, a happy 11th wedding anniversary. But before the eight-day mission aboard Flight 41-G ended at 12:27 p.m. on last Saturday with a smooth landing at Cape Canaveral, Fla., the tall, athletic astronaut dropped his usual manner to admit that he had been slightly stressed during Challenger's thunderous lift-off on Oct. 5. Then, in a televised space-to-Earth press conference, Garneau added that the tension soon yielded to the exhilaration of "floating at the edge of the Earth's gravity field. Declared Garneau as he floated in the shuttle's mid-deck area. "It's turning out to be a fantastic trip."

Garneau was not alone in his enthusiasm for last week's \$288-million mission, the ninth flight for the Challenger and the 10th mission in the three-year-old shuttle program. Near the end of the flight Karl Donach, director of the Canadian Astronaut Program, told Mission's progress on his experiments, which included playing with inflated bladders along with payload specialist Paul Readdy-Power. In order to determine how much sensation his fingers and toes had lost after several days in space, Donach said, "We are delighted with the way the whole mission is going for us." Added backup Canadian astronaut Dr. Robert Thériault, who was also at the Atlantic Space Center in Houston with four other Canadian astronauts: "We ought to see the results on these experiments down here. More has collected more data than they expected."

At the same time, U.S. National Aeronautics and Space Administration officials expressed relief that last week's mission took place without the major problems that have plagued earlier flights, including the loss of two communications satellites last February. Flight 41-G did experience some minor hitches that hindered the seven-member crew's experiments, but it was a

the Atlantic, allowing Challenger to land at Cape Canaveral and preserving NASA's schedule: the next shuttle flight is on Dec. 8.

In addition to carrying the first Canadian into space, last week's mission offered other accomplishments. Among them, the largest crew on a shuttle flight and the first walk in space by an American woman: Kathryn Sullivan, a 33-year-old



Kathryn Sullivan in cargo bay (above); Garneau: a series of 'floats,' and a picture-perfect return

clear success at satellite launchings! As the shuttle spun through space at 18,000 m.p.h., orbiting the Earth every 90 minutes, NASA mission specialist Sally Ride sent the Command, the Canadian-built robotic arm, to launch its only cargo, NASA's Earth Radiation Budget Satellite.

That satellite will measure radiation exchanges between the Earth, sea, atmosphere and space to gain a better understanding of weather and climate changes—a concern on the mission because NASA officials were worried that Hurricane Josephine would force them to divert the shuttle to Edwards Air Force Base in California. But the hurricane remained far out in



Photo by AP/Wide World

California geologist, is only the second female space walker, following Soviet cosmonaut Svetlana Savitskaya, who stayed outside the Soviet Space Station for three hours last July. And Sullivan, who received her doctorate in geology from Dalhousie University in Halifax in 1979, began her three-hour space walk as the shuttle orbited 148 miles above Canada. Wearing white pressurized space suits, she and colleague David Leeveson spent most of their time floating near the shuttle's open cargo bay, fitting a fuel tank containing hydrogen, a volatile rocket propellant, to a simulated satellite. Their objective: to prove that satellites could be refueled in

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Rumors of respectability

Since its birth in 1971, *The Toronto Star* has repeatedly broken journalistic traditions and based its reputation as an establishment upstart. Editors of the ragy tabloid have encouraged columnists to criticize politicians and allowed cartoonists and writers the freedom to document such de-



Worthington looking for more trouble

ing subjects as the martin-drinking habits of the newspaper's president, Douglas Creighton. But earlier this month *Star* columnist, former editor-in-chief and co-founder Peter Worthington evidently overstepped the bounds of that freedom in Edmonton promoting his new book, *Looking for Trouble*, the veteran journalist publicly announced that the *Star* in Toronto, Edmonton and Calgary do not pretend to be newspapers of record. Creighton promptly fired him. In the aftermath, *Star* staff and media-watchers speculated a subtle change at the *Star* and a new era of

unconstrained respectability

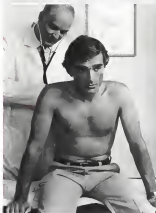
Worthington, who was the *Star's* editor for 11 years, told a reporter from the *Edmonton Journal* on Oct. 5 that the *Star* and its sister papers do not inform readers as well as their competitors do. When he returned to Toronto he found Creighton's dismissal letter waiting at his home. Creighton also changed the lock on his office door. Worthington commented, "That is what you do if someone is seeking the books or reading from the company."

After his dismissal became public, Worthington remained puzzled but unrepentant. He told *Maclean's*: "We need to have your head examined if you buy the *Star* for news. People buy it for its opinion. I have been saying this and Creighton has been saying it—some type has been saying it since the *Star* began." Worthington, a defeated Progressive Conservative candidate in the Sept. 4 federal election, speculated that Creighton was already annoyed with him over something written in his new book, and he called the firing a "personal, capricious bit of perversity." For his part, Creighton maintained that he locked Worthington out solely because of his anti-*Star* remarks. Said Creighton: "I don't think he's right and I don't think he would be making those comments. They are best kept between ourselves."

Worthington denied that his firing was connected with media conglomerate Markon Hunter Ltd.'s 1992 takeover of the *Star* or the recent appointment of former Metro Toronto chairman Paul Godfrey as publisher. But he admitted that the move indicated "a change of attitude" at the paper. Reporters at the *Star* have also noted the change. Send one letter reporter: "They seem to be taking what appears to be a more moderate or middle-of-the-road approach to many things." Said Creighton: "I would have no one on the read to make respectability of itself we need to travel that road." But he added that his paper is still the still overall leader in Toronto. In its primary marketing area it has a daily circulation of 225,594, compared to *The Globe* and *Mail's* 204,992 and *The Toronto Star's* 205,460.

The Toronto Star has already begun looking for more trouble elsewhere. He has agreed to write a twice-weekly column for *The Calgary Herald* and is considering a similar offer from the *Edmonton Journal*. In Worthington's world of newspapers, at least, controversy pays the biggest dividends. —PAUL BARNES

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heard during this year in jail, has appeared drawn and somber in court. By contrast, Kijas, a stocky, balding man whose tanned appearance belies his 17 months in custody, clearly enjoys his celebrity, cheerfully agreeing to all requests to display his skill at flogging Hitler's autograph. During his six days on the stand, Kijas said that he had written the first volume in 1975 "as a job." When Heidemann approached him in 1981, Kijas said that the journalist had told him that he originally wanted the diaries for Hitler's former deputy, Martin Bormann, who was supposedly living in South America. Heidemann, Kijas said, claimed to have spoken by phone to Bormann, who allegedly wanted the diaries to keep his name alive, to show that he was a fascist agent. Kijas added that Heidemann later admitted his intention to defraud Groer & Jahr.

For his part, the Stuttgart dealer in Third Reich artifacts said that he had agreed to produce 10 more volumes in exchange for \$900,000 and one of Heidemann's prized possessions, a uniform that former Luftwaffe chief Hermann Göring once owned. Kijas also testified that he promised to produce up to 50 volumes of the diaries after Heidemann showed him that the publisher of the *Forgeren* would issue the chance of discovery.

Describing his method of work, Kijas said he carefully collected information from his own and other sources, searching sales or pieces of paper before retiring down in what he called his "lucky study" above his Stuttgart store. Kijas said that he took about 1½ hours to write each volume. Despite his care, Kijas made four fundamentally significant mistakes: he reversed the order of the Gothic letters denoting Hitler's initials in the diaries, wrote a slip that almost, at one moment,

The star turns by the two defendants have not abated the drama inherent in the trial. Kijas's lawyer, Kurt Greenwald, for one, wants the court to subpoena a 3,000-page transcript on Stern's handling of the diaries affair, a move that could lead to charges against Groer & Jahr executives. Greenwald argued that Stern's managers "knew that no proof that the diaries were genuine existed." And despite Kijas's popularity with journalists and spectators following the trial, Heidemann will be the main object of public curiosity in the months ahead.

Before the diaries were exposed as forgeries, Heidemann tried to explain his obsession, saying, "I want to understand how bad and good, and how closely side by side." Clearly, the few judges in Room 11 of Hamburg's civil courthouse are trying to decide if Heidemann has a similar mix of qualities. □

MEDIA WATCH

A question of honor, malice and rights

By George Bain

The March 29, 1985, issue of the *New York Times* was published in 603,000 copies, of which 340 were sold in the state of Alabama. Thirty-five reached Montgomery, the capital. The issue carried a full-page ad headed, "Vindictive racism." It began, "As the whole world knows by now, these sons of Southern Negro students are engaged in widespread, unrelenting demonstrations in positive affirmation of the right to live in human dignity," and went on to speak about "Southern violence" which responded to that activity with "an unprecedented wave of terrorism." It named as violators his did refer to "police arson" L.B. Sullivan, one of three elected commissioners in Montgomery, said that that identified him, he was the commissioner supervising the police. He said the *Times* for itself, and a local court awarded him \$306,000 in damages, a decision that the Alabama Supreme Court confirmed.

It was an odd case all around, beginning with the fact that it arose from an ad, rather than editorial matter. Some of the statements in the ad were inaccurate, but the inaccuracies were scarcely vital. A group of protesting black students who had picketed on the steps of the state capitol had not used *My Country 'Tis of Thee*, but the national anthem, spoken but not learned Martin Luther King Jr. also took on petty harassing charges, but four. It was never clear how those errors, and more like them, reflected adversely on Commissioner Sullivan's performance in office. Also, the probable damage to his reputation was slight, especially at \$306,000. 1984 dollars with 35 cents inflated there that day, the *Times* claimed that not required redaction in Montgomery.

From that petty beginning, *The New York Times* vs. Sullivan, as the case became known, went the newspaper took it to the U.S. Supreme Court, led to a landmark decision. It is less much of the highest court in the current trial of the \$120-million libel suit by retired Gen. William Westmoreland against the television network. In a 1982 documentary titled *The Uncommon Enemy*, A Vietnam documentary, one of the general, as a commander of U.S. forces in Vietnam, misrepresented enemy troop strength in early 1968 to make a more positive picture of the state of the war than was warranted.

The general, who says there is no other way to clear his honor and that of the army, said.

But in the *Times* vs. Sullivan decision, in 1964, Mr. Justice William Brennan of the U.S. Supreme Court expanded a strong rule. He quoted former president James Madison: "If we submit to the nature of republican government, we shall find that the essential power is in the people over the government and not in the government over the people." The effect of the Brennan opinion was to endorse that the people had the right (including the press) to watch, judge and denounce their government—the other way round. Said Brennan: "We consider this case against the background of a profound national commitment to the principle that debate on public issues should be uninhibited, robust and wide open, and that it may well include vehement, caustic and sometimes unpleasantly sharp attacks on government and public officials."

In other words, freedom of speech and press were supreme in matters concerning the administration of public affairs; public discussion was not to be stifled by fear of punishment for factual error or defamatory content. The judgment reinforced "the constitutional guarantees of free speech and press" require, we think, a federal rule that prohibits a public official from recovering damages for a defamatory falsehood relating to his official conduct unless he proves that the statement was made with actual malice—that is, with knowledge that it was false or with reckless disregard to whether it was false or not.

Mr. Justice Arthur Goldberg, who had been John F. Kennedy's secretary of defense, was the still new to the court, repeated those key words in a concurring judgment and added that the first amendment in the Constitution (guaranteeing freedom of speech and press) and the 14th (confirming federal supremacy in these areas) "afford to the citizen and to the press an absolute, unconditional privilege to criticize official conduct despite the harm which may flow from excesses and abuses."

But all that, which virtually eliminated constraints on which a public official could sue over critical reporting of his actions in office, was in the 1960s. Since then, the climate has changed. The Westmoreland case will measure by how much.



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Maclean's... The gift that takes 32 weeks to unwrap!

Performer Cynthia Dale, 33, has been a professional actress ever since she made her debut at Toronto's Royal Alexandra Theatre in Pinter's *Bashful* when she was 5. The veteran of television and musical theatre has two future movie lead roles to her credit. *Heavenly Bodies*, scheduled for release next February, and *The Boy in Blue*, with **Nicola Caga** and **Christopher Plummer**, due out next spring. And, no-life many of her contemporary colleagues, she has remained in Canada. Said Dale: "I have no desire to live in Hollywood and there are lots of projects in the works in Canada." There are also Canadian themes: *Boy in Blue* tells the story of famed 1870s Canadian rover **Ned Hanlan**, who won the world sailing championship. Caga plays Hanlan and Plummer his girlfriend, **Margaret Sullivan**. Dale said that because she suffered a "very strong come-down feeling" when principal photography ended on Oct. 6, she will be "not working work right away." Between parts, she added, "I go crazy."



Murray: offstage, confused about her category

Art work Neil Young, 35, returned to Winnipeg, where his career began in the early 1960s and where he lived with his mother after his parents separated. Young, the rock 'n' roll musician turned country singer, and his band, International Harmonies, drew a crowd of 5,000, including his mother, **Edna (Riley) Napstad**, his father, Toronto writer **Scott Young**, and his grandmother, **Jean Young**. Admitting that it felt "weird" to be back on his old turf, Young, who used to transport his band around Winnipeg in an old hearse, took the time to visit his former neighborhood, where one resident declared that "when Neil started up that band, you could hear him clear up to the corner." Remarking that he still loves Canadian winters "but didn't think I was

foreign affairs policies, Los Angeles-based Harmon suggests that the alternative "just a real clown in the Oval Office instead of one of these snoots." But Harmon faces further competition, among other fringe candidates is **Alphonse Howard** of Garysburg, N.C., who says he is running on a platform of "love" and that, if elected, he will make **Jane Fonda** his secretary of energy and **Cory Grant** his secretary of agriculture.

Although she has collected 19 Jano awards, four Grammys and an ACMA award, **Anna Murray, 39**, says she was "almost devastated" in Nashville last week when she won her first Country Music Association awards, one each for the album *A Little Good News* and the single of the same name. Said Murray, the only double winner of the evening: "I had to be pushed onstage." Six years ago she attributed her "country" label more to her "down-home image" and her appearances on television with **Glen Campbell** than to her music. Now, Murray admitted that she thought she had a chance to take home the female vocalist of the year award, but not the two she received. She said she was so startled that when she walked onstage, she was completely confused. "When people started to congratulate me," she said, "I had to ask them what category I had won." —**KEVIN BY BERT LINDHOLM**

Dale, Harmon: a romance with a Canadian rowing champion and a race against a 'love' candidate for the U.S. presidency

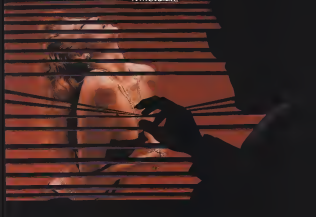


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OPENS OCTOBER 26.

78 variations in search of a theme

By Shona McKay

During the 1970s the art of painting stumbled into general decline in Canadian artistic communities. Particularly in Toronto, where the New York critical passion for formal abstractionism—problems of pure color, shape and line—had dominated the scene for two decades, many artists began to reject an art form that they believed was becoming obsolete and irrelevant. They abandoned brushes, palette knives and spray guns and turned to the tools of sculpture, video and performance art. As a result, local critics harshly announced the imminent death of painting. But the fact that they were wrong is evident in an exhibition at the Art Gallery of Ontario in Toronto which will travel over the next two years through Ontario and then to Edmonton, Calgary, Winnipeg and Fredericton. Indeed, *Jeanne Todi's The Time of our Lives*, a collection of 19 recent works by 38 artists, offers a breathtakingly diverse indication of painting's revival in the 1980s.

The exhibition is the first homage that the gallery has paid to local contemporary artists in 12 years. Unfortunately, its eclectic approach means that the show never visually lives up to its promise to clarify the art form's new directions. Instead, behind an often bewildering variety that encompasses such established artists as Graham Coughtry and Joyce Wieland and such relative newcomers as John Brown and Andy Fabb, the show consists of only two elements: the art of the past and the present's reaction to it. Some artists, like Coughtry, remain intrigued with the abstract and formalist concerns of earlier 20th-century art. Others have rejected these academic concerns and turned back to making paintings with message, content and topics in mind.

The central striking theme among these works that reflect past stylistic traditions is Coughtry's *Omikage*. While the artist has deliberately invited comparisons between his notes and those of Blake, his real interests lie in the brush strokes and the colors he uses. Harold Klunder's *Self/Portrait as Two Parts* (WMA Catherine) is a work of thick and sensitive paint surfaces that also borrows back to abstract expressionism. With a similar eye to established 20th-century traditions the large geometric colors of the Evans's *Abstract* recall the precision of 1960s American color-field painters with surface and hue. That same influence predominates in Ron

Martin's *A scale of low-intensity colors*, a graffiti work of transitions through a pastel spectrum.

Coughtry, Klunder and Evans are artists referring to a past in which the medium was more important than the message. Jeanne Todi is among the majority of artists included in *Toronto Painting '83* who have joined the recent trend toward more content-oriented work. In her *The Time of our Lives*, a

suffers from obvious parody. More relevant is Andy Fabb's *The Craft of the Contemporary*, a painting that takes as its Canada's artistic heritage by incorporating a group of seven (wages paid) on a TV screen. And Oliver Gillingham's *Language in Dialogue*, which features a kneeling, seated woman and a man wearing a fedora and trench coat, provides the coloring and sketchy rendering of modern paperback book covers.



Jeanne Todi's *The Time of our Lives*: voyeurism and explicit social commentary

painting of a naked stripper in the midst of a well-dressed, middle-aged audience, expressions of bare voyeurism and sophisticated guile betray the unspoken conflict within. The social comment is even more explicit in the three large works by Marc De Guerre. In *Copied/Pasted*, the artist inserts his canvas with a line bearing the painting's title. On one side is a photograph showing a dreary industrial site and the other a starving African child on TV. As well, the work features two painted, ghostly images of a naked woman and a nightclub crooner. Although a dominating work visually, *Copied/Pasted*

As the contemporary Canadian exhibition travels across the country, it is sure to spark interest and controversy. Said John Volmer, curator of fine and decorative arts at Calgary's Glenbow Museum, where the show will open next June: "It isn't New York or Los Angeles, but Toronto is the established art capital of Canada. The show will be important to other artists as well as the public for that reason." Still, Toronto Painting '83 remains a flawed and unimpressive show. A supposed symbol of painting's evolution, it leaves the viewer with the final impression of visual schizophrenia. ☐

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LAW

New dampers on firings

Canadians are suing former employers for wrongful dismissal seven times as often as 10 years ago. Although more than 90 per cent of the litigants settled their claims out of court, judges' decisions have encouraged increasing numbers of dismissed workers to sue because Canadian court awards over the past decade have averaged eight months salary for each plaintiff. Traditionally, plaintiffs in wrongful dismissal actions have been white-collar workers earning substantial incomes. But now, according to Toronto lawyer David Harris, who specializes in wrongful dismissal cases, unprecedented numbers of blue-collar and junior employees, including parage mechanics and bank tellers, are suing. And for the first time, courts have begun to award punitive damages and to recognize claims for mental distress—innovations that have generated unprecedented new legal rights for non-union employees.

It is the prospect of long-term unemployment that has prompted more actions, lower-income employees to sue former employers, said Harris, whose definitive book, *Wrongful Dismissal*, was recently published in its third edition. He said that the success of many of the actions has proven that the courts can play a role in defending the rights of all workers and that plaintiffs are attracted to small claims courts because even there proceed quickly and often do not require a lawyer's help.

Punitive damages arising from wrongful dismissal were awarded for the first time last April when Mr. Justice John Fitzpatrick of the Ontario Superior Court ordered the Hamilton Plaza Convention Centre of Hamilton, Ont., to pay former employee John Filato \$25,000 in addition to six months salary for what he called a "high-handed, shocking and arrogant" dismissal. The judge set the precedent by ordering the corporation to pay Filato another \$25,000 in punitive damages for the mental distress he suffered. Harris said that the judgment has inspired other plaintiffs to make similar claims.

The scope of the new developments in wrongful dismissal suits has taught employers a lesson, according to Randall Scott Kibbin, a Toronto lawyer who has conducted seminars on the subject for Ontario personnel managers. He said that they are now spelling out employees' shortcomings more frankly in performance reviews and paying more for ex-employees' job searches. On the other

hand, Kibbin said that courts have lately put more emphasis on dismissed employees to prove that they were fulfilling the expectations of their employers. He added that employers are seeking better offers of compensation, although courts have begun to award smaller amounts. Courts are also less willing to

award compensation for "constructive dismissal" than they have been in the past. According to Kibbin, judges are less likely to consider demotions and transfers to jobs with less responsibility as a form of wrongful dismissal.

Despite the growing attraction of lawsuits to fired employees, lawyers who represent them agree that they have already gained the most generous allocation of rights they can expect. And they warn that any future trends will curtail the process—once more giving employers a greater benefit of doubt.

—MICHÉLE KATZMAN

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FOR THE RECORD

Tributes in a major key

THE ART OF JOHN COLTRANE
—THE ATLANTIC YEARS
John Coltrane
(VCA)

After saxophonist John Coltrane died at 41 in 1967, his reputation assumed mythic proportions and his music began to seem unapproachable—an impression Coltrane never intended while alive. Fortunately, Atlantic Records has just released 18 albums of vintage Coltrane, including *The Art of John Coltrane*, an exciting double-record sampler of the work he produced just after leaving hands by Miles Davis and Thelma Houston. With such pieces as *Guilty Steps* and *Mr. Knight*, Coltrane demonstrates the fire and driving imagination he brought to mainstream 1960s jazz. The delicacy of *Surely's Song*, *Flute and the Shining Hour* round out the album with examples of Coltrane's melting ballad style. On 30 of the album's 11 cuts, he plays with his classic group—McCoy Tyner (piano), Steve Davis (bass) and Elvin Jones (drums). By sketching one

rich period in his career, the Atlantic release is restoring Coltrane's reputation from one carved in stone to one painted in the vivid colors of his music.

POETRY
Stan Getz and Albert Dailey
(VCA)

Saxophonist Stan Getz explains in an afterthought liner note on *Poetry*, his last album, that he recorded the series of duets with pianist Albert Dailey to gain Dailey a wider audience. Getz and Dailey had already done a duet once early in 1964 and had completed *Poetry's* recording sessions. But Dailey died of pneumonia before the record's release, as a result, *Poetry* has become a bittersweet tribute. On the album, Dailey reveals himself to be a pianist of great sensitivity. He sets Miles Davis's *Four In One* sprawling motion, then switches to a wily tone when accompanying Getz's smoky and tender interpretations of *A Child Is Born* and *Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most*, two of the saxord's triumphs. But Dailey comes into

TRANSITIONS
Emily Bender
(Kosmo/AAW)

his own on the ensembles of *A Night in Tunisia*. A guitarist of slightly and pleasure, *Poetry* combines the best of Getz's richly voiced sentiment and Dailey's almost reticent gracefulness and style. Although guitarist Emily Bender is only 27, her growing reputation has already brought her a regular record contract and a devoted following. Astonishingly, she is earning her success in a musical form dominated by middle-aged males the past years. With *Transitions*, her third album is just that four years, the experiments with muted styles ranging from hip to bossa nova, and per se forms works by such diverse composers as Duke Ellington and Keith Jarrett. A key element of her album's distinctive sound is John D'Amico's trumpet, which establishes a melancholy, late-night mood on *Good Morning*. Musicians light could sense the right surface—like Moses on drums and Eddie Gomez on bass. Bender demonstrates the dress and flexibility her previous work only promised. *Transitions* lives up to its name: It shows that the young guitarist can put together a strong ensemble without abandoning the subtle sounds that built her reputation. —BART DITTO

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BOOKS

A war's unsung hero

WAR DIARIES: THE
MEDITERRANEAN 1943-1945
By Harold Macmillan
(Macmillan of Canada,
\$54 paper, \$29.95)

"You will find the Americans much as the Greeks found the Romans," Harold Macmillan explained to a British colleague at the time. "Great, big, vulgar, beating people more vigorous than we are and also more vile, with more unquelled virtues but also more corrupt." Fortunately, Macmillan kept his cards for those he could trust and did not impede the smooth running of the Allied war machine. More fortunate still, he recorded that master in his Second World War Diaries, which reveal the same powers of observation and cool analysis that later served him well as British prime minister (1957-63).

Macmillan's role during the last days of the war was as resident minister for the Mediterranean. His responsibility for British political interests began with the Allied command in North Africa and eventually extended to Italy, Greece, Yugoslavia and the Balkan states. The skills required were those of diplomat and negotiator, both of which he had in abundance. Equally impressive were his skills as a diarist. He brilliantly evoked the drama of the times with a stellar cast of characters, including Charles de Gaulle, Winston Churchill, playwright Noel Coward and assorted royalty, and the romance of writings that shifted from Algiers to Cairo to Athens.

Macmillan was one of the few flowers of the British ruling class to survive the carnage of the First World War—despite the fact that he was wounded three times in action. The grandson of the founder of the publishing house that bears his name, Macmillan married Lady Dorothy Grenville and entered Parliament as a left-wing Conservative. He supported Churchill in his lonely struggle against the British government's policy of appeasing Hitler during the 1930s and joined the cabinet when Churchill assumed power as prime minister in 1940.

Macmillan's relationship with the prime minister is one of the most fascinating strands in his story. He depicts Churchill as both larger than life and all too human, vulgar and delightfully mischievous. At one point, Churchill complained of being old and weary, at which his wife, Clemenceau, said encouragingly, "But thank you Hitler and Macmillan



Macmillan: vigilant and perceptive

feel like" Rotated Churchill "AA, but at least Macmillan has had the satisfaction of murdering him in an-*en-les*." Handling the old man must have been difficult, but Macmillan seemed to have discovered a method. After one disagreement he wrote "I answered him back. He then became very amenable and pleasant. If you let him go on, he tramples on you."

Macmillan's diplomatic prowess had other, even more important applications. He was responsible for the fact, if hardly unexpected, of the automatic de Gaulle as French leader, despite Churchill's misgivings and President Franklin D. Roosevelt's lobbying for the man, the magnificent investment of Italy after its liberation by the Allies, and, finally, Britain's involvement in the Greek civil war. Unlike many politicians of the day—including, at first, Churchill—Macmillan also grasped the fact that the central issue of the latter half of the 20th century would be, as he wrote, "a liberal and democratic way of life vs. the totalitarian dictatorship of the left and the police state."

The delight and ease with which he handled a multitude of problems with a minimum of staff and support make Macmillan one of the unsung heroes of the war. In the process he composed a diary of great elegance, modesty and perception.

—GREGORY WICKER

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Fear of consequences

PARACHUTES AND KISSES
By Anna Jung
(NAL Books, 185 pages, \$21.95)

With *Parachutes and Kisses*, novelist Anna Jung has written the third and, many readers will hope, the last instalment of the life and loves of her barely concealed autobiographical character, leaders Wing Jong's first novel, *Fear of Flying* (1993), was a major best seller throughout the 1990s and seemed to capture, then dispel, the anxieties of an entire generation of women. For the dozens of women of her fearful, newly feminist contemporaries, Jung prescribed "ripless," or carnal, sex. Through the voice of her protagonist, also a budding novelist, Jung told women to believe like men: to have sex for the pleasure of it, without premeditated fear of abortion or consequences. But in *Parachutes and Kisses*, Jung's profitable ability to exploit her own story has tripped her. And her character's self-discovery has turned into boring narcissism.

In fact, as the previous books made clear, leaders's upshot ways have made her life a torment. Her ex-husband, genius of her literary career, turned out to be a real first-class disaster. Her romantic

connections have, then, refused to take onto basic responsibility for their daughter, Amanda. She, in turn, had a succession of nervous and unstable suitors. Then leaders began to love

the taxi-man. But like a latter-day superwoman, armed with fists and a 300-hertz, annual so-journs to health spas and a vast collection of designer clothes, leaders tried to compensate for her first adventure, she stepped into her silver Mercedes to drive the mid-night freeway in search of the perfect toy, making her choice from among David, Kevin, and Kevin. It is sometimes hard to tell whether the leaders of the 1990s is a comic-book version of a feminist or simply *Concepcion's* idea of a career girl having a good time. The stylish plotline finally craves to its conclusion: she finds true love again with Ben, who is 14 years younger than leaders and unemployed. But dark



Jung: time to zip up

ness threaten their blissful relationship. First, leaders's wallet, jammed with credit cards, disappears while the pair embrace on a cable car. Then, Ben chews off her diamond ear-stud. Finally, security guards at San Francisco Airport discover a large knife concealed in Ben's pants. The knife, Ben explains, is to protect the over-zealous leaders, who, although 40, still thinks that, "because you're sweet, the whole world is."

Jung could have avoided the relentless focus on her heroine. As the novel begins, the death of leaders's beloved 18-month-old grandfather provides her to express at least slight interest in something other than herself. Near the end, a trip to Ben's nearly drives her. But Jung, once a pathfinder, now clings to what she thinks every woman wants to hear. The reader begins to wish flying and had leaders begin to take responsibility for the consequences of living. The result, in literary terms, would certainly be a more exciting book. —DAWN MACDONALD

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Brigands into legends

PIRATES & OUTLAWS OF CANADA
1610-1882
By Harold Horwood and Ed Bitts
(Doubleday, 261 pages, \$19.95)

Seafarers have traditionally portrayed Canadian history as a bloodless drama without heroes or villains. Authors Harold Horwood of Annapolis Royal, N.S., and Ed Bitts of Toronto have set out to correct that impression with *Pirates & Outlaws of Canada*—a ragged gallery of seafarers, bootleggers, tanned cowboys, horse thieves, train robbers and more. Crisply written, the book is a popular history that attempts to strip the folklore from the facts and present an unvarnished view of outlaws. As well, it serves as an antidote to the image of Canadian docility; among the characters who emerge, scoundrels predominate.

By far the most unsavory men are the seafaring pirates who plundered Canada's eastern coast during the 15th and 16th centuries. "Black Bart" Roberts, who the authors say was "perhaps the most fearless and pirate who ever lived," sailed into Newfoundland's Biscay Bay with cannon blazing and trumpets blaring just before dawn one June day in 1799. He sacked Beauséjour, looted the village of Terra-Nova and left it in flames. A shipy who wore a white-plumed searot costume into battle, Bart kept a full orchestra on board to accompany the cannon fire. He captured about 480 ships during his career and was notorious for his cruelty—he once seized a vessel containing 80 African slaves and burned it with the slaves still in chains below decks.

Although pirates such as Black Bart cruised in Canadian waters, they were essentially international brigands. Holding a more legitimate claim to Canadian heritage are the corsairs du bois, the French explorers and fur traders who opened up Canada's inland waterways. According to the authors, "Every corner was officially an outlaw, trading illegally with the Indians under threat of fines, imprisonment or flogging or hanging if caught." Some of the authors' character assessments seem

arbitrary. Étienne Belet—a trailblazing vagabond who was killed, robbed and seized by Indians—was "one of the great free spirits." But Robinson and Cross—portrayed in classrooms as heroic explorers—were "a pair of completely unscrupulous scoundrels."

In the book's later chapters on the West, the term "outlaw" comes into more dramatic focus as white murderers destroy the Indian population with whips, guns and scalpings while ranches become targets for thieves and cattle rustlers. But on frontiers where some of the most barbaric activities are legal, good guys and



Black Bart on the frontier, good guys and bad both abound.

bad guys are indistinguishable.

Still, some villains are more admirable than others. Bill Miner, a charming American highwayman who robbed trains in British Columbia, became a local folk hero in the early 1880s primarily because he preyed on the Canadian Pacific Railway, a hated symbol of high finance. The *Grey Fox*, the serial killer among 1982 Canadian film about Miner, has so enhanced the legend of the "Gentleman Bandit" that the book's slim chapter on him pales in comparison. *Pirates & Outlaws* tries to cover a lot of ground, and consequently many of its statistics are too cursory to be of great interest. Still, it will serve as a source of inspiration for film and tv screenwriters attempting to create a more thrilling Canadian mythology.

—BRUCE D. JOHNSON

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THE GOLDEN AGE HOTEL.
By David Lewis Stein
(Macmillan of Canada,
227 pages, \$24.95)

Despite the growing numbers of the elderly, the creators of modern culture pay little attention to old age. Toronto journalist David Lewis Stein's *The Golden Age Hotel*, his third novel, is a rare attempt to illuminate the mental landscape of that forgotten constituency. Sadly, the vehicle he has chosen lingers on the antique device of placing a cross section of society in a hotel and letting their foibles run riot. The language, offensive as it is not a novel but a disjointed collection of anecdotes strung awaiting adaptation for television.

His start is promising enough. Lily Goldenberg and Stan Meertich have embarked in late middle age on a second marriage with a \$25,000 nest egg which they invest in a rundown Long Island inn. Their plan is to operate the Golden Age Hotel as a residential dwelling for the aged, without the restrictions of an officially licensed senior citizens' home. Although at first they want only to get rich, Lily is particular because involved in the lives of their guests, among them Pappie, a bearded, overweight ex-resident, Abe Rosen, a former Communist, and the Daughters, a naughty, repressed psychologist.

But Stein's arbitrary assumption of the plot quickly betrays his admirable intentions. Lily's interference in the lives of her guests is not only ludicrous but verges on the illegal, while Stein implausibly agrees to procure a chambermaid for a lecherous guest. The clientele is stereotypically Jewish, carrying with them the familiar psychological baggage about domestic warfare and the Holocaust that burdens many novels about North American Jews. Instead of mingling together to create new relationships, the collective personality becomes a cocoon-like isolation. Also, Stein never fully explains Stein's increasingly frequent betrayals of Lily in their business relations.

Stein writes in brief segments, which are ideally suited to film editing but fatal to the delicate growth of personality. Typical of the comments on relations between the sexes is the line, "Stan

had gone through women like a buzz saw." And Stein almost never describes a female character without mentioning the size and shape of her breasts.

Stein further diminishes his offbeat characters through a breezy, patterning style that mangles obscure Yiddish phrases with such sentences as "It was one of those writer days...". A narrative habit guaranteed to defuse reader interest. As well, the novel's contrived situations downgrade Lily, a supposedly shrewd and kind-hearted woman, into a naive Jewish matron with as much



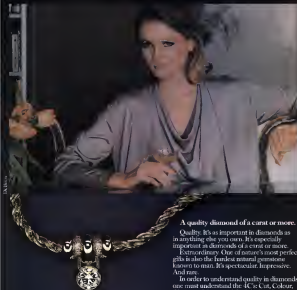
Stein sympathetically masked by sentimentality

benignity as a bobbing Pappie and Judy puppet.

The vacuity of *Hotel* is surprising, because beneath its stilted, predictable sentimentality, Stein also reveals great sympathy for his characters. There are also intriguing insights into how small businesses operate, but none develops into more than a hard knot of research in the novel's frayed plot. Given that weakened fabric, the final confrontation between Lily and Stan canna flicka conviction and no feeling of release. Like a series of spoonfuls for a boring ailment, *Hotel* already wraps down with little to show but unfinished business.

—MARK CHARNICKI

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A growing moral dilemma

A t four years old, Nelson Warwood is only 35 inches tall, approximately seven inches smaller than his playmates in their Toronto public kindergarten class. His mother, Christine, said that other children in his class call him "baby" and enjoy carrying him around like a doll. Doctors say that if they discover that Nelson suffers from an inadequate supply of pituitary growth hormone, they will consider giving Nelson hormone extracted from cadavers. But because the hormone is so expensive and rare, Nelson may never get the chance to grow to a normal height. Now, the development of a synthetic growth hormone currently undergoing trials in California promises to make the treatment much more readily available to the estimated 15,000 North American children who suffer from hypopituitary dwarfism. Despite the new hope, the prospect that parents may demand the synthetic drug to induce extra growth in normal children has posed a troubling ethical quandary for North American doctors.

The method for creating synthetic growth hormone was developed in 1975 by Genentech, Inc. of South San Francisco, which recently completed successful tests on affected children and has applied to the U.S. Food and Drug Administration for approval to market the invention for treating hypopituitary dwarfism and Turner's syndrome, another condition that prevents children from attaining normal height. And Genentech's director of communications, Suzanne McKinn, said that the company is considering extending the tests to short but medically normal children. She said that the company could produce the drug in unlimited quantities.

Doctors have generally welcomed the prospect of an unlimited supply of the drug but have already expressed strong reservations about its possible misuse. Dr. Louis Underwood of the University of North Carolina predicted in a recent issue of *The New England Journal of Medicine* that doctors will soon come under enormous pressure to prescribe the drug for children who are not medically short but whose parents are anxious to coach an them the potential benefits of tallness in competitive sports and in their social lives. While Underwood "Physicians will be forced to decide whether it is appropriate to tamper with a normal child in the hope of making him or her better."

But the agency of doctors will not rest only with doctors. Although doctors at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children



Nelson and Christine Warwood, Nelson "baby"

have yet to discover primary problems in Nelson, Christine Warwood is re-examining the prospect of subjecting her son to a program that would require three injections per week over five to 10 years. Seeing that substance runs in her family, she said, "My first instinct is to let nature take its course." But she added that if treatment would help Nelson, she might reconsider her decision.

Currently, no doctor will prescribe a growth hormone to a child unless he has a hormone deficiency, according to Dr. Henry Prason, head of the physiology department at the University of Manitoba and director of the Medical Research Council of Canada's growth hormone program. He said that administering the drug to normal but short children might not have any effect on their long-term growth and added that people whose pituitary glands naturally produce an excess of the hormone frequently develop diabetes, heart disease and arthritis. Said Prason: "It has been known for a long time that, given enough growth hormone, you can make anyone grow faster and indeed that you can produce giants—but always at a price." With the possibility of a widely available synthetic hormone in the future, parents and doctors will have to consider the value of induced tallness carefully—but it is the children who will pay the price.

—ROBERT BLOCK

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Turning ginseng into gold

The Chinese have been turning ginseng root into pills, powders, teas and elixirs for more than 5,000 years because they believe that the plant's powerful medicinal qualities will cure headaches and drowsiness, improve the appetite and even restore vitality. Asian demand for ginseng is so great that 80 Canadian farmers—most working prime agricultural land near Brampton, Ont.—are profiting from that ancient herb, using modified potato diggers to harvest about 45,000 lb of the reddish-brown root this month. When the farmers have dried the ginseng, they will ship 80 per cent of the crop, worth more than \$5 million, to Hong Kong for sale at about \$90 a pound. The other 20 per cent will be sold in North America. Farmers' profits can be high—more than \$50 a pound—but so are the risks. The reason: the bulky, shade-loving herb requires four years to mature and is highly susceptible to rot and other diseases. Field grower Warren Wilder of Waterloo, Ont. "It is going to make you money if you can keep it disease-free, if the season is not too wet and if you do not push it too hard."

Ginseng, from the Chinese for "man-ting," or roots sometimes resemble a human form, has been used in North America since a Jesuit missionary who had served in China recognized the herb growing wild in the woods near Montreal. In 1735 Halpern's family, which includes former Liberal defence minister Paul Halpern, has been involved in ginseng growing experiments since 1896 and is now the leading grower

in Canada, with 40 acres under cultivation—eight of them ready for harvest this year. During the past 30 years the potentially large return on ginseng—one acre of prime farmland alone can produce 2,000 lb of mature roots—has convinced other area farmers to plant the herb. Six hundred acres are under cultivation, including several fields owned by tobacco growers who hope that ginseng profits will offset the recently falling prices of their main crop. Walter Halpern, who oversees the family's ginseng operations, also plants corn and raises quarter horses in his fungus wipes out the slowly growing ginseng, and he argues that some newcomers do not realize how much labor ginseng production requires. Caring for the crop requires 80 full-time employees, and he times another 70 workers for two months each spring to erect the wooden frames used to shade the plants.

Western scientists have not confirmed Chinese folklore claims for ginseng, although Frederick Schatz, an American herbologist, asserted in 1982 that the herb helped control herpes simplex, a venereal disease that has no known cure. For his part, Dr. Lawrence Chao, a former dean of medicine at the University of Toronto, spent summers during his college years working on farms near Waterloo weeding ginseng plants, but he said, "There is no firm evidence that ginseng has any therapeutic value." Still, John Proctor, a horticultural science professor at the University of Guelph, in Ontario, replies, "Can all these Oriental people be wrong?"

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Crimes and connoisseurs

By Paul Barton

The Italian art community was rocked to its foundations last month when museum forgers admitted that they had created three sculptures which museum experts had attributed to the early 20th-century artist Amedeo Modigliani. Then, on Sept. 6, a magazine in La Biéville, a town near Schneider Dail's home, began an investigation into a fire at the Spanish painter's 18th-century estate in Girona province and revealed rumors that some of the alleged 30-year-old sculptures have manipulated him into forging and selling lithographs over his signature. For the artworld public the two incidents underline a problem which experts have faced for centuries: fakes abound in a world in which sales are lucrative and reputations volatile. For police, they are graphic examples of a growing problem that so far they have been unable to control. Said Sgt. John Lyons, an RCMP officer with Toronto's Crimean office: "In terms of dollar value art fraud is larger than theft. But there still is no



Experts and 'Modiglianis' create fakes

specific police effort to deal with it." The Modigliani incident was more than just a crime. It also demonstrated the inability of even the most prestigious experts to detect such fraud. The latest one involving the museum happened that the young sculptor made artist three several sculptures into the case of his native Leghorn (Livorno) in 1909. A local museum curator persuaded a theorist to drop the case the summer. Over a period of a month the sculptor brought up three oval-shaped heads sculpted in Modigliani's distinctive style. Many of Italy's top art and art historians agreed that the heads were crude but were authentic pieces which would prove useful in understanding the artist's late development.

Less than a month later, four university students who are not artists confessed that they had created one of the heads with an electric drill, a chisel and a screwdriver. But many experts did not want to believe them. Even after the students re-created three fakes on national television, renowned art historian Giulio Carlo Argon claimed that "for literature, writing even a bad poem is impossible." Still, all but the staunchest believers lost faith three days later when Argon's friend, an anarchist doctor and former drug addict with a prison record, handed his claim that he had created the other two heads with a videotape of the art as proof. He called it a "political gesture."

In Spain the possible existence of thousands of Dalí fakes has long troubled experts, but the publicity that followed revelation of the bizarre circumstances surrounding the fire at the artist's estate—including the fact that Dalí was suffering from malnutrition and that his aides took 48 hours to deliver him to the hospital—prompted Girona's chief prosecutor to order an inquiry into "the whole Dalí affair." That involves the bizarre circumstances surrounding the fire at the estate as well as the reports about swindles in his financial affairs and paintings.

The painter, whose eccentricities and Parkinson's disease prevent him from serious work, had been a recluse in the castle since the death in 1982 of his wife, Elena Delpont Dalí de Solà, known as Gala. Dalí's health has been failing since 1974, but thousands of works bearing his unmistakable signature have been sold since then. Manuel Pujol Balada, a 37-year-old Spanish artist living in Barcelona, last year admitted that he is solely responsible for many of them. He added that he had "collaborated" with the painter on other works at Gala's urging. Said Pujol: "I do not know if Dalí was aware of what I was doing."

But the most far-reaching aspect of the emerging scandal concerns the possible existence of thousands of black-

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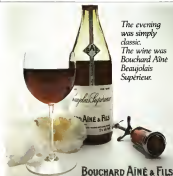
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sheets of paper which investors respect the artist signed at his wife's request. In 1974 French customs officials discovered a truckload of the paper, intended to be made into cheap Dali prints, at the Spanish border. Most experts agree that the confusion diminished the value of almost all Dali prints. They claim that many people who buy Dali reproductions are deceived by the signature into believing that they are purchasing a numbered print. And genuine prints are suspect because Dali's publishers have often released different editions for different countries.

Some experts believe that the Spanish investigation will finally push down the high prices for Dali prints. Said Aaron Mirer, a Toronto lawyer who specializes in the arts: "I think a lot of his paintings are going to lose their market value, and their resale value will be affected." Added Joan Krupp, curator of the Salvador Dali Museum in St. Petersburg, Fla., which contains the largest collection of the artist's work in North America: "There are a lot of questions about Dali's practices, and buying them involves a great deal of risk." Although Dali is by far the most

prominent, he is not the only artist whose prints are suspect. Today, "the whole print market is a grey area," according to Lyons. He said that some well-known artists have begun routinely to sign and number reproductions of their paintings, which then command higher prices. Although the practice is not fraudulent, many experts frown on it. Lyons also said that many unwitting buyers are duped by the practice. He warned: "I do not think most people realize that they are buying a signed poster. They think they are getting an investment, but they are not."

The lack of any special controls regulating the sale of fine art makes it difficult to distinguish merely questionable practices from outright fraud. Declared Winick: "There are no controls at all. If some of the practices in this business were followed by stockbrokers, they would be put in jail." David Goodreau, a Carleton University art history professor who works closely with the A.C.E.A., says that the insurance industry should take greater initiative by hiring expert appraisers to assess and record the authenticity of insured pieces. Said Goodreau: "If people knew right away that they had bought a fake, they could take recourse through the courts rather than finding out years later."

One possible solution to the problem lies in legislation that would require dealers to provide detailed ownership histories for every piece of art they sell. New York state recently passed such a law, applicable to fine art prints, and dealers in New York City, the world's largest art market, said that it should lead to better security for art collectors around the world. But Edwin Tomans, executive administrator of the Professional Art Dealers Association of Canada, said that any similar legislation is being planned in Canada. Said Goodreau: "There is a movement afoot, but I think it will be a few years before we have any legislation." She added that many potential collectors may be driven out of the market if the incidence of fraud continues to increase.

Goodreau supported the call for legislation but added that fraud will continue to lure serious collectors as long as the dealers' rewards remain high. As an example, he cited Tom Keating, a famous British dealer whose copies of 19th-century artists, including J.M.W. Turner and John Constable, once hung in prestigious galleries. Keating died last February, and an estate sale last month produced surprisingly high prices for his remaining fakes. Said Goodreau: "The reason for the high prices has to be that the buyers hope to sell the works off as the genuine article some time in the future."

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Resurrecting the Master

Not only for a more centred age has Canadian popular culture for at least a decade. Few works are resurrected as frequently as the most popular plays of Noel Coward, the British playwright and composer who died in 1973. In Canada the Coward revival has been growing since 1970, when *Oh Coward!*, a highly successful revue by Toronto comedian Ron Kowben, began a two-year tour of North America. Since 1980 Canada's major professional theatres—among them the Stratford and Shaw festivals—have mounted a dozen productions of *Private Lives* (1930) and *Billie Sybil* (1941). And for his first show as producer for Toronto's Centreforge company, Richard Owsen is currently presenting Coward's *Breakfast at 8:30*, directed by former Stratford artistic director Robin Phillips.

Coward, born in 1899, wrote 60 plays and more than 300 songs during a life that he called "one long extravaganza." The appeal of his satires on the social pretensions of the middle class was universal; by the age of 30 Coward was

reputed to be the world's richest writer that comedy is understated and ironic, and often startling. In *Billie Sybil* Elvira assumes her former husband of leaving her with a billiard cue, and he admits it but says, "Only very, very gently."

Coward consistently refused to take an explicit moral stance. His popularity ebbed in the late 1940s when Britain's Angry Young Men began attacking the stage to demand social change, his recent resurgence parallels an increasing conservatism. The Master—as his friends called him—was a self-confessed phenomenon, and nobody could underplay a Coward hero with each clipped, precisely timed asides as Coward himself. What he wrote about a character in *Private Lives* (1941): "He was always watching himself go by"—held true for himself as well. Still, the surface glitter

of Coward's writing—what British critic John Lahr called "the Coward myth of spin-dressing gowns and lobby-dressing down"—has often misled both critics and audiences into overlooking the surprising depth and breadth of his vision. Now Centreforge's Owsen and other producers are searching out darker places.



Coward: the entertainer

Still, Coward's public friendly concealed a private loneliness and a fear of jeopardizing his celebrity status if he revealed his homosexuality. In his first play, *A Song at Sunset* (1960), a character clearly representing the author is told that if he had not sacrificed his private soul for the glory of stardom, he "might have been a great writer instead of merely a successful one." What over his bitter afterthoughts, Coward had long before written his riposte: "The one day my plays. I shall continue trying to entertain."

charm, touch and sense the public. History and the current revival of his works suggest that Coward's self-confidence was completely justified.

—MARK CHAMBERLIN

Spotlights on local heroes

In the summer of 1975 the tiny southern Ontario town community of Rhyt started a theatre festival with two plays—Agatha Christie's *The Mousetrap*, supposedly a safe choice, and *Mojo in Green*, a new play by former Canadian Radio-Canada and Telecom matriculation Commission Chairman Harry J. Rhyt, who grew up in the area. When *Green over Mojo* (pages 8 to 1), Rhyt's attached article director, James Roy, established an all-Canadian tradition for the theatre. His successor in 1979, Janet Ames, continued the festival's strong community ties and unflinching commitment to new work. Last week Ames and Roy opened their fall season at the newly appointed artistic directors of two large regional theatres—Roy at Winnipeg's Manitoba Theatre Centre (MTC) and Ames at Theatre New Brunswick (TNB) in Fredericton.

These takeovers by the evangelists from Rhyt mark a turning point in the evolution of the Canadian stage. Ames and Roy entered that good theatre, in the city or in the country, starts with grass roots audiences in Rhyt's 40-seat theatre open, attendance there averaged 56 per cent each summer. These figures reflect the nationwide acceptance of hometown production despite their infrequent appearances over the season, more than 50 per cent of the regional theatre's most popular shows have been Canadian plays. With such directors as Ames and Roy in charge, that trend will grow stronger. According to Gary Palmer, head of the MTC board's search committee, the board wanted a new artistic director who could not only manage a \$3-million budget and attract top Canadian talent but who would also reaffirm the theatre's ties to Winnipeg and the province. Said Palmer: "Palmer is named productions or travelling road shows from the States is not what we were after. We needed an

Both directors bring a varied background to their new positions. The thin, gravel-throated Roy grew up on a farm near Rhyt and was artistic director of Victoria's Belby Theatre from 1979 to 1984. At, he said, "I have never been

interested in getting a play to Toronto or New York. What has always been most important to me is to serve the audience coming into that theatre." Despite Roy's unassuming, Rhyt's product does travel well across the country. After his first, Rhyt, Roy's wife, Anne Chabot, wrote *Quart in the Lord*, a play about pacifism among the local Manitobans during the First World War. His Toronto production was the 1980 Chelver Award for best Canadian play, and the play itself received the Governor General's Award for Drama in 1980. True to his creed, Roy has scheduled *Quart* for MTC not just on the merits but, he says, because he feels it will appeal to Winnipeg's large Métis community.

For more than 300, Theatre New Brunswick is a truly regional theatre, trucking all its maintenance productions from Fredericton to nine towns around the province. The very Ames acquired her own high-pressure education in theatre travel in the early 1970s, when she performed in the Toronto-based Theatre Passe Muraille's *St. The Paris* (1970). Ames says she hopes to extend the two tour and also build more bridges to the province's diaspora communities through co-productions and translations. Like Roy, Ames also has a domestic playwright-in-residence, husband Ted John, who is already considering local material for her new work. Among her own work at Rhyt was *St. Joan* and the *Mojo*, an investigation into racism—a subject that has recently become controversial in New Brunswick.

Both Ames and Roy are aware of the need to entertain and get acquainted with their communities before presenting to speak for them. And both have taken to heart the very parting words of Rhyt's 1975 article about theatre: Larry Walsh "There is no reason to Maritimes like better than other from central Canada." That comment sums up the difference in feeling among Canada's diverse areas, but as audiences of Rhyt and the regional shows, Canadians also share a strong desire to see images of themselves on stage. Coward's stage creative powers of their dramatic imagination, Ames and Roy are uncovering the universal truths in local experience which will transcend these regional differences.

—MARK CHAMBERLIN



Roy: a banking point

TELEVISION

Message of a cool oracle

MARSHALL MCELHANN
1980, Oct. 30

He coined such benchmarks as "the global village" and "the medium is the message." He was an unassuming intellect who could entertain and bewilder in the same breath. By the time he died in 1964, was almost 60 years old, Marshall McLuhan had become one of history's most famous Canadians. But none for his theories about television—"a cool medium" that "won't televise hot stuff"—he became a TV phenomenon all his own, creating a new language on screen. Consequently there could be no better medium for the first major retrospective of his ideas: *Marshall McLuhan—The Man and His Message*, produced and directed by one of his daughters, Stephanie, and written and narrated by author Nina Gold, stylishly documentary of the 1980s. A one-hour documentary, it wins this week as part of the city's new *A Touch of Class* series.

Wells is an eloquent host, strolling about the home of the McLuhan family home in Toronto and discussing McLuhan's books—among them *The Mechanical Bride*, *The Gutenberg Galaxy* and *Understanding Media*. Framed by Gold's narration, the program consists of a rich montage of TV clips selected with interviews. Pierre Trudeau makes over McLuhan's Canadian identity; Norman Mailer marries at the speed of his thought; and Arthur Schlesinger Jr. calls him "a very intelligent, very serious man who, for reasons of his own, preferred to be misquoting as a philosopher."

At times McLuhan talked about television as if he had invented it, and was trying to show the rest of the world how it worked. Remarkably, McLuhan makes some sense even so than he did then. He stated that it was a medium that would over-ride the senses; he identified both TV and rock 'n' roll with pre-iterate tribal cultures. In light of rock video's recent invasion, the equation is considerably more concrete now than it once was.

Stephanie McLuhan's portrayal of her father achieves an intellectual density more for TV. It is also fast-moving, entertaining and accessible. And it remembers his ideas into a coherent message via the only medium truly capable of conveying it. —BRIAN D. JOHNSON

Share the taste

B&B LIQUEUR



Bancroft: a jittery obsession with Hollywood glamour and anti-femininity

FILMS

Search for a lost star

GARBO TALKS
Directed by Sidney Lumet

The characters in Garbo Talks are weirdly, weirdly, weirdly, and one dies of cancer, but the film remains oddly unaffected. Garbo's problems begin with his home story. Rattle Rattle (Anne Bancroft) is an up-and-coming New Yorker with a hyper-developed social conscience. Her only soft spot is a feisty devotion to the films of Greta Garbo. When Rattle learns she is dying of cancer, her greatest wish is to see Garbo in person before it is too late. In a series of comic misadventures, her misanthropic son, Gilbert (Rex Silver), spends most of the film trying to track down the elderly, reclusive star.

Garbo fans may well be able to make the leap of faith that scenario requires. But ordinary viewers, asked to attach equal importance to Rattle's painful death and the film's litany of obsession with Hollywood glamour, will find Garbo hollow at the centre. Director Sidney Lumet (Singapore) tries to hide the vacuum with a liberal application of sentimental music. But the attempt to engender sympathy backfires: Garbo's emotional dishonesty is ultimately repellent.

Such a situation might have sunk a lesser actor, but Anne Bancroft (*The Turning Point*) does manage to salvage a few scenes from the general wreckage. Unfortunately, the main cover burden of the film falls on Rex Silver in his first starring role. And his chief tactic is to sweat a gaping, guppy-like stare. The

rest of the cast, ages rarely seeming that they are crew members on a sinking ship, fail to stir a spark from Larry Green's turgid script. In a froth of sentimentality Garbo Talks goes to the bottom. And no amount of promotion sheet whether the real Garbo appears in it—the film's producers decline to say—is going to save it one inch.

—JOHN BARNES

MACLEAN'S BEST SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 *The Fourth Protocol*, Forsyth (1)
- 2 *Fast Among Eagles*, Archer (3)
- 3 *The Captive*, Macgregor, Ludlow (2)
- 4 *The Rag*, Ure (4)
- 5 *Strong Medicine*, Hickey (6)
- 6 *Job: A Comedy of Justice*, Henderson (7)
- 7 *God Knows*, Miller
- 8 — *And Ladies of the Club*, Switzer (7)
- 9 *Touch Gern Don't Dance*, Miller (3)
- 10 *Full Circle*, Steele (10)

Nonfiction

- 1 *The President's Last Days*, Irvine (1)
- 2 *Leaving Earth Orbit*, Brumbaugh (2)
- 3 *The Year of Armageddon*, Thomas and Morgan White (1)
- 4 *In God's Name*, Tilling (2)
- 5 *What They Don't Teach You At Harvard Business School*, McClelland (2)
- 6 *Vengeance*, Jones (2)
- 7 *Looking for Trouble*, Worthington
- 8 *Wired: The Short Life and Fast Times of John Belushi*, Buchanan (3)
- 9 *Eat to Win*, Weiss (7)
- 10 *The Mark of Gaby*, Paulsen (7)

(1) Fiction list only

Children and other strangers

IRRECONCILABLE DIFFERENCES
Directed by Charles Shyer

Written by the husband-and-wife team of Nancy Meyers and Charles Shyer, *Irreconcilable Differences* is a comedy that offers an insider's critique of the glamorous money-making life. A wistful satirical morality tale, it shows an talented married couple—film director Albert Brodsky (Ryan O'Neal) and best-selling novelist Lucy Van Patten Brodsky (Shelley Long of *Infatuation's* *Cherry*)—so captivated by work and envious by success that they forget how, and whom, to love.

In retaliation for their parental neglect, daughter Casey Brodsky (Dree Barrymore), 10, goes to court and attempts to divorce herself from her parents. "You both treat me like a child," she seethes these days. "We have irreconcilable differences."

Few people could have begun as minor individuals than the film's two protagonists, a fact which an extended flashback to 1955 reveals. Albert, a bearded and scholarly New York University PhD, enlists rides to California self-consciously imitating Clark Gable's hitchhiking scene in the 1950s classic *It Happened One Night* by fawnily asking his thumb through the air. He is rejected from a restaurant by Lucy, a shy, awkward and expected-to-be married Pittsburgh girl with big hair and a pensive start. As they drive west, Lucy recounts over Albert's impassioned plot summary of her PhD dissertation. For his part, Albert falls hard for Lucy's sweetly personified children's books. They embrace under the sheets in a California motel and then cry together watching the late show. Soon Lucy switches fiancés.

Once in Hollywood, the trouble begins. And *Irreconcilable Differences* becomes a delicious battle of male-female wills, played out in grand, screwball comedy style by the loquacious O'Neal and the sublimely hysterical Long. All the time, poor, tiny Casey shuttles between her smattering self-absorbed parents. Director Shyer masterfully brings the wistful child to the forefront as the movie's conscience. Even the hardest of hearts will soften when Casey admonishes her erratic father "For a long time you wouldn't even talk to me, and now you want me to be your best friend!"

Beneath the clever comedy, *Irreconcilable Differences* holds a surprisingly powerful message. It warns the happy couple to stop and look at each other—and to remember their often-forgotten children. —GREGORY POIRY

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Around the world in 24 hours

By Allan Fotheringham

The task, you see, is to get from England to Nassau in the Bahamas, with a detour to Toronto for a commitment, before nightfall. The pilot is slowly rising off the soft hills of Kent at the 4 a.m. hour. The runway slowly down the slope toward the thick hedges that demarcate the road considering its way through the fields, as dawn the path carries age of some sleep farmer standing by his home from the pub. Heathrow Airport west of London in 2 1/2 hours away, as the vessel

stead, the Concord glides as if gliding itself for the leap through the sound barrier. We are just over Cork, Ireland. Suddenly, we are at twice the speed of sound. There are two Arab women in veils and a large, one-legged man in a colorful kilted shirt.

At 1:25, a good look barely strangled, we were over St. John's The Concord, its nose drooping once again, so that the crew can see what awaits it, skims lightly in over the waters of Jamaica Bay and touches down at John F. Kennedy Airport in Queens. At 1:55, the Concord is in the air. The flying time across

through clouds to a foggy airport. Toronto seems, after all the fuss, so mundane and banal, a helpless lower to England's calm and New York's energy. It is now something like 6:00 p.m. by the body, and the body is complaining. A shower and a change of clothes improve the temperamental somewhat, the commitment is fulfilled, and the flight to Nassau is waiting at Keith Dancy Memorial Airport in North Toronto at 7:05 p.m. local time, after midnight as the London stomach growls.

It is three hours in Miami, the ninth newspaper of the day delivered, too late for commercial flights on the short hop across to Nassau. The instructions are that a pilot with a small plane will be waiting at Gate 1B at Miami International Airport. On approaching Gate 1B, the transfer spots two women, who are taken as attendants. Not so. This is Safe Air International, out of Fort Lauderdale, flying a Boeing 737 in the dark toward, hopefully, Nassau. This is Capt. Gerry, a tall blond, who looks remarkably like Roman Bragat, and Vy, a short blonde who wears bibbons on the string around her neck. It is noticed, with some interest even by the busy

transfer, that there is extreme trouble finding the appropriate runway in the dark. Also noted, with increasing alarm, the hatched instructions as to how the life-jacket might work. It is discovered, too late, that Capt. Gerry and Capt. Vy have never flown in Nassau after dark. There are hints, polite arguments, constant confusion between the captives, the offer of the portable bar in the back politely refused as the transfer resorts to his only hope, God in Her Heaven.

There is one last frightening day of the voyage, no doubt in surprise, at the appearance of the Nassau runway. It has taken 2 1/2 hours to wobble in. On the loop, too long to take to the hotel, the driver warbles George Jones and Whynon Jennings while his girlfriend beside him moans in sympathy. At hotel entry, it is 9:10 a.m. by Kentish body clock, just over a 20-hour journey. It is possible to make it through four countries, with an ocean in between, in a day that I would recommend it.



the Atlantic has been three hours, 20 minutes. We have been doing 17 miles per minute, averaging roughly 1,000 m.p.h. on the trip. It is 2:58 p.m. body-clock time, 9:28 a.m. by the New York watch.

The red helicopter rises heavily from JFK, through a misty autumn haze and makes for La Guardia Airport to the north, with a diversionary stop in Manhattan. The spiral of New York appears through the grandiose air, over majestic and imposing. The United Nations building sits square against the East River as we drop into a pool at the foot of 28th Street. The whirlybird flutters off again, Brooklyn to the south, the Bronx to the north, waiting the fading traveller over Jackson Heights and settling down at La Guardia, before the waters of Tribeca Bay. It is 11:05, 35 minutes late and 9:30 p.m. by the body clock, when the traveller lifts off for the Toronto detour. It is an hour-and-18-minute flight, ending in a descent

Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.

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